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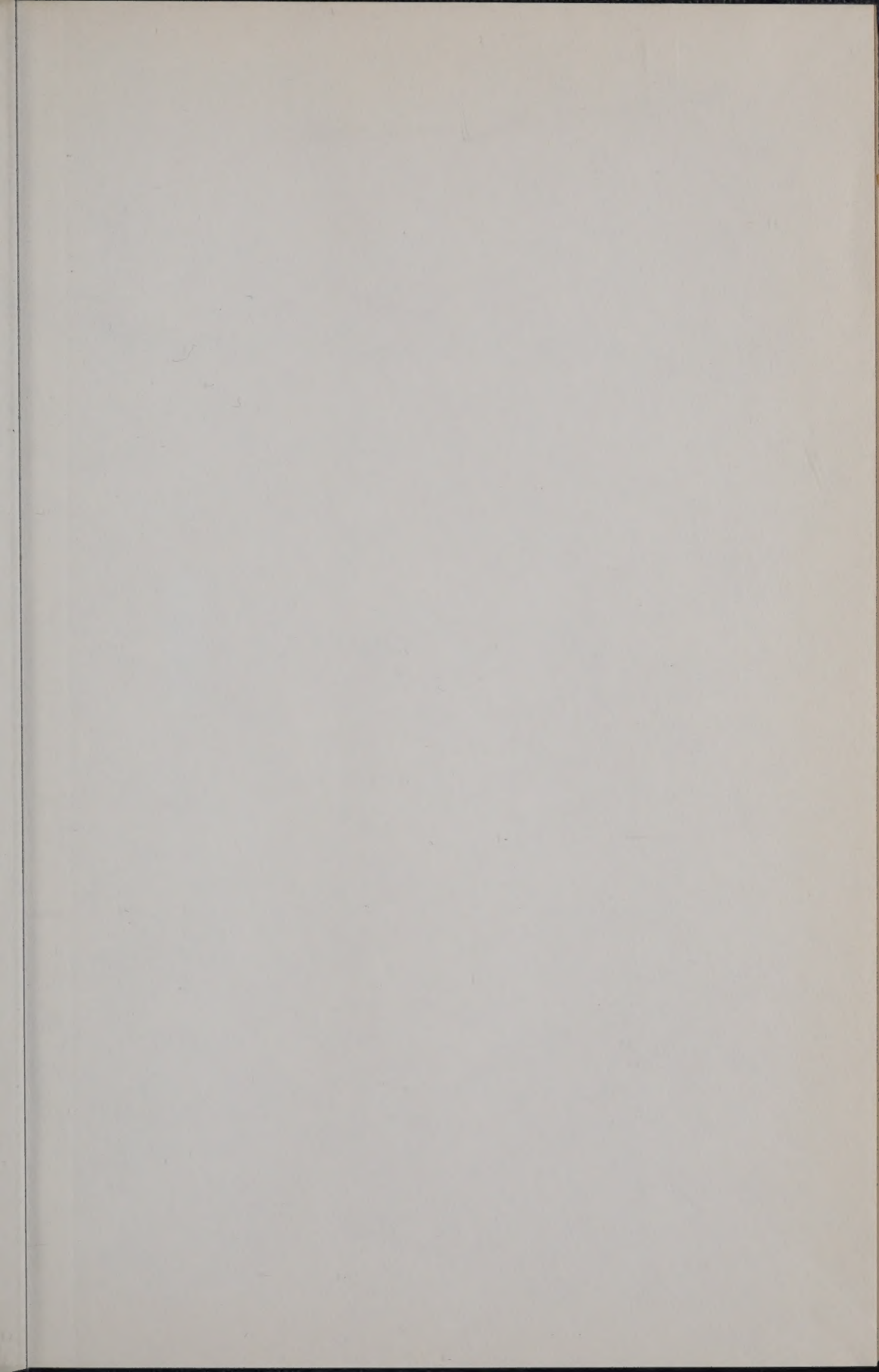
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A History of Brazoria County, Texas

*The Old Plantations and Their Owners
of
Brazoria County, Texas*

Steam Boats on the Brazos

T. L. Smith

PREFACE

In compiling this booklet no claim is made to originality. It is simply a collection of several valuable articles concerning the early History of Brazoria County, along with a number of my favorite poems and quotations, which, to me, have seemed worth preserving under one cover. This little booklet is lovingly dedicated to the memory of Thomas G. Masterson, "my Grandfather," and Travis L. Smith, "my Father."

T. L. SMITH, JR.

1958

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A History of Brazoria County, Texas
by
Mary Nixon Rogers

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OLD PLANTATIONS *and* THEIR OWNERS

A HISTORY OF BRAZORIA COUNTY

By MARY NIXON ROGERS

This land of the lower Brazos, which we call Brazoria County, was once inhabited by a savage, cannibalistic tribe of Indians known as the Karankawas. Some of them six feet tall, their ugly faces were rendered hideous by the alligator grease and dirt which they besmeared themselves as a defense against the mosquitoes. Ranging from Galveston Bay south along the coast, they lived on fish and alligators, with a man for "fete" days if they could catch one.

In December, 1821, a schooner, "The Lively," laden with men and supplies from New Orleans for Stephen F. Austin's new colony, landed at the mouth of the Brazos. These were the first of the increasing numbers that came during those next few years.

In 1824, Josiah H. Bell, who received the first grant of land, built a landing on the Brazos, called Bell's Landing, or Marion, (Now known as East Columbia) which became the most important shipping point in the colony. Goods shipped in from the "States" were then transported to the interior by wagons. In 1826, Bell opened a wide avenue out to the prairie, two miles distant, where he laid off the town of Columbia (now called West Columbia) and built his own plantation home.

The town of Brazoria was laid off in 1828 by John Austin, and about this same time, a Mexican fort with customs house were established at Velasco. A short distance south of Brazoria was Peach Point, the plantation home of James F. and Emily Bryan Perry, sister of Stephen F. Austin. This was the only real home that Austin ever knew in his brief, but purposeful life.

The hardships and hazards of frontier life which faced these early settlers were numerous, but by the year 1832 conditions were rapidly changing. With splendid crops and the high prices paid for cotton at New Orleans, the rich bottom lands of the Brazos became doubly attractive to the prospective settler. The population grew steadily; commerce tripped and quadrupled. The little towns of Brazoria and Columbia bristled with activity. At Brazoria was the banking and general mercantile business of Robert and David G. Mills who played a very prominent role in the economic development of the county. These two towns were in colonial days, the business and social centers of a prosperous, slave-holding people, many of them living on large plantations and leading, though subject to the limitations of a pioneer existence, the aristocratic and patriarchal life of the Old South. Hospitality was a religion, and the social side of life of cultivated and enjoyed with grace and stateliness.

But above this scene of progress, there hung like a pall the cloud of growing suspicion and distrust of the Mexican authorities. It was in June, 1832, while Stephen F. Austin was in Mexico as a member of the Texas-Coahuila legislature, that the Battle of Velasco took place. Incensed over recent incidents, three companies of men, captained by John Austin, attacked the fort at Velasco, forcing the Mexicans garrisoned there to withdraw from Texas soil. This battle marked the first actual stroke toward independence.

Shortly thereafter, Colonel Mexia was dispatched with his fleet to Velasco for the purpose of investigating the disturbances in this part of the Mexican

A HISTORY OF BRAZORIA COUNTY

nation. Feeling that the presence of S. F. Austin would influence, and thus contribute to the calming of the colonists, Mexia officially invited Austin to accompany him. After hearing a full report from John Austin, and deliberating with Stephen F. Austin, Mexia proceeded to Brazoria, where he was honored at a gala reception and grand ball at the tavern of Mrs. Jane Long, the charming and courageous widow of Dr. James Long, of the ill-fated Long Expedition. There were speeches appropriate to the occasion, interspersed with toasts to Mexia and Austin, and good will was once again established between the Mexican government and the colonists.

From the events of 1832, there followed a period of gloom and sadness with the coming of the Brazos flood and the ravages of the Big Cholera that took the lives of many of the most prominent colonists. However, these disasters did not daunt the early settlers; the towns settlements continued to grow.

But by the year 1835, due to the constant upheavals within the Mexican Government and the shifting of authority there, the colonists were growing more and more dissatisfied. After two conventions at which their grievances were discussed, the colonists once again asked Stephen F. Austin to go to Mexico to intercede for them. It was on this mission that Austin was arrested at Mexico City and imprisoned for eighteen months. This outrage coupled with further mistreatment of the colonists led to a meeting at Columbia where the colonists were to determine whether to unite for peace or war. Soon after this convention, Austin was released, a broken man in health and spirit. He was received home with great joy and enthusiasm. Citizens of Brazoria, Columbia, and municipalities nearby, desirous of expressing their appreciation and respect, invited Austin to a dinner at the Long Tavern in Brazoria. This notable event was to be long remembered by its participants, not only for the joy of Austin's safe return to his people, but particularly for his keynote speech in which he reviewed his actions as their agent to Mexico in 1833, the Mexican Revolution, the change in government and its effect upon the colonists. He said, "The crisis is such as to bring home to the judgment of every man that something must be done, and without delay. The constitutional rights and the security and peace of Texas . . . they ought to be maintained; and jeopardized as they now are, they demand a general consultation of the people."

At about the same time that General Cos's army landed at Copano Bay in October, 1835, the provisional government of Texas was set up. Henry Smith, of Brazoria, became governor; Sam Houston, Commander-in-Chief of the Army; and three commissioners, Stephen F. Austin, William H. Wharton, and Branch T. Archer, all Brazorians, were elected to go to the United States for aid.

A few days after Texas had declared her independence from Mexico at Washington-on-the-Brazos, Brazoria County was plunged into the excitement of the Texas Revolution when a courier reached Columbia bearing tidings of the critical condition at the Alamo. Young Guy M. Bryan, nephew of S. F. Austin, who was attending the school of Mr. T. J. Pilgrim at Columbia, was dispatched with a letter to Brazoria. By dint of hard riding, Bryan reached Brazoria in the afternoon, from whence he hurried on to Peach Point, where he obtained a fresh horse, and arrived at Velasco during the night. As the news spread, every

A HISTORY OF BRAZORIA COUNTY

available man took up arms and hastened to the defense of Texas. The families left behind joined in the "runaway scrape," and when on San Jacinto Day, one division of Santa Anna's forces, under the command of General Urrea, occupied Columbia, and the following day, Brazoria. The towns were deserted. After entering upon a policy of pillage and destruction, Urrea received Santa Anna's orders, through Filisola, to abandon his conquest and march to the old fort at Velasco.

After the victory of the Texas army at San Jacinto, Mexican General Santa Anna was brought to Velasco, where two peace treaties were signed. When angry threats of violence from the colonists prevented his return to Mexico, Santa Anna was quickly brought to Columbia where it is said he was chained to a large oak tree for a short time, then removed under guard to Orozimbo, plantation home of Dr. James A. E. Phelps, twelve miles from Columbia. Here he remained for six months. There are many stories concerning his imprisonment—his attempted escape by boat, his suicide attempt by an overdose of laudanum, etc. But from all accounts, he was treated more as guest than prisoner. This must be true, for in a later account of Mier Expedition, Dr. Phelps's son, Orlando, was spared by Santa Anna when he learned that Phelps had drawn a black bean and was to be executed. And later still, Santa Anna is reported to have sent a very handsome bedspread to Mrs. Phelps in appreciation of his kind treatment in their home.

In December, 1835, the first Masonic order in Texas was initiated into service in Brazoria under the spreading branches of an immense oak tree (which is still standing today). When General Urrea's army was approaching the town of Brazoria, Dr. Anson Jones secured the charter from the lodge room and kept it concealed in his saddle pockets while he fought at the Battle of San Jacinto. This original charter became the property of Holland Lodge No. 1 at Houston, but the other original documents are now at Columbia with St. John's Lodge No. 5.

The First Congress of the Republic of Texas assembled on October 3, 1836, at Columbia, this being the only town at that time with sufficient accommodations. Two houses were used, one for the Senate, and one for the House of Representatives. They were surrounded by giant live oaks. One tree, especially noted for its size and triple trunk, became known as the "Independence Oak," for under its spreading branches men famous for their deeds in Texas history met and heard the reading of the Declaration of Independence. Here President Burnet delivered his farewell message, and the newly-elected officials were installed—Sam Houston, Mirabeau B. Lamar, Stephen F. Austin, Henry Smith, Thomas J. Rusk, Samuel R. Fisher, James P. Henderson, Robert Barr, and William H. Wharton. Visitors gathered from all points to witness their outgoing event and to hear the inaugural addresses.

But the year of 1836 was not to pass without its measure of sadness to Texas and to Brazoria County in particular. Two months after taking over his new assignment in Columbia as Secretary of State, Stephen F. Austin was stricken with pneumonia. At high noon on December 27, he expired at the home of

A HISTORY OF BRAZORIA COUNTY

Judge G. C. McKinstry. Hundreds gathered to pay their last respects to their revered leader, the Father of Texas. His remains lay in state at Columbia for two days, after which they were removed to Peach Point, by river steamer, and placed in the family cemetery, just a short distance from the home he loved so dearly. Then after nearly three-quarters of a century, his remains were removed to Austin, the permanent capitol of the State of Texas.

The following year the Republic capitol was moved to Houston where the enterprising Allen brothers had built a more suitable structure for the capitol.

After the year 1845, when Texas entered the Union, there followed a period in Brazoria County that has been called "The Olden Golden" age. It was during this time that the plantation system flourished, and there was more land in cultivation and more wealth in this county than in all the rest of the state.

The home life of the rich plantation owners was almost feudal. All labor was performed by slaves. The typical plantation home was a large two-storied house, built of brick made by the slaves on the plantation. There were galleries the entire length of the house, supported by immense pillars. It had marble hearths and mantels. Ceilings in the various rooms were elaborately decorated; the floors were carpeted. Behind the manor house was the immense, brick sugar-house with its double set of sugar-kettles. The overseer's residence and the slave cabins were also of brick. In the yard was an office of several rooms where the planter carried on his business. There were well-tened lawns and gardens and fruit orchards; and thousands of acres of cotton, or waving cane, as far as the eye could see.

The roads between the plantations were made and worked by the planters, whose plantations joined. Steamboats plied up and down the Brazos, stopping at all of the plantation landings. The local railroad, known as the Columbia Tap, was built in 1858 by the planters of the county, from the east bank of the Brazos at Columbia to Houston. The grade was extended to Wharton, but the Civil War halted construction, and it was never completed. The old Columbia Tap line is still in use today, owned by Missouri Pacific.

Most of the planters were fairly well educated, and sent their sons and daughters to good colleges and universities in the older states.

Open-house hospitality was general and there was much entertaining. They had their fine horses (Horse-racing was a favorite amusement), their packs of hounds, and in season, they indulged in hunting and fishing. Many of the planters had summer resort homes at Velasco or Quintana beaches.

But the Civil War spelled doom to the plantation baron.

Those years following the Civil War were a period of great stress and hardship to the people of Brazoria County, whose whole economic structure was dependent on the production of the great plantations. The freeing of the slaves did, in effect, deprive the plantation owners of millions of dollars in property; and coupled with the economic loss from confiscation of the slave-labor, the result was disastrous. The one-time wealthy planter came to feel the pangs of the poverty-stricken, many of them deserting the plantations, the well-equipped sugar houses stood idle; the fine old homes, for want of repair, fell into decay;

A HISTORY OF BRAZORIA COUNTY

and the rich cultivated fields grew back into a jungle-like wilderness.

The only example of these fine old plantation homes still standing today is on the old Varner Plantation, near Columbia, now known as the Hogg Mansion. About the turn of the century former Governor James Stephen Hogg purchased the place, convinced that there was oil beneath the property. And there was!

In 1897, the County Government of Brazoria County was moved from Brazoria to Angleton, a community founded only seven years prior to this time. On becoming the County Seat, the future and growth of Angleton was assured; and the town was incorporated in 1931.

The now flourishing little city of Alvin was first laid out in the year 1889. In its early days, the fig industry was its mainstay, and in recent years the development of the oil industry in this section has contributed much to its growth and prosperity.

Before oil and sulphur were discovered in the county, cattle-raising had become one of the chief industries, with many of the former plantations becoming cattle ranches. Some of the plantations became the property of the Texas Prison System to be used for prison farms. Clemens State Farm was purchased by the State in 1902, and later Ramsey, Retrieve, and Darrington farms were added. These farms today furnish a large percent of the food used in the State prisons.

Sulphur was first mined at Bryan Mound in 1913 by the Freeport Sulphur Company, under whose auspices the City of Freeport was founded. Later, larger sulphur deposits were discovered at Hoskins Mound where sulphur is still extracted today by the same company. In 1937, still another sulphur field was developed four miles south of Brazoria by the Jefferson Lake Company on the Clemens Dome.

Some oil was produced from 1904-1908 at Hoskins Mound, but it was not until the first gusher came in at West Columbia in 1918 that the oil boom hit the county full force. The oil industry breathed new life into Brazoria County, bringing with it a surging increase in population. Subsequent discoveries at Hastings Field, Old Ocean, Chocolate Bayou, Danbury, and other points in the county brought new prosperity. That first gusher at the Columbia field is still producing today in 1953.

Rice-farming was first engaged in before 1900, but only within the past twenty years has it become one of the principal crops raised in the county.

In 1939, the Freeport area blossomed into new industrial significance with the coming of the Dow Chemical Company industries, in which various chemicals are extracted from sea water. Freeport provided a natural set-up for this type of industry, with its deep water harbor formed by diverting the Brazos River from its original channel to a new course. New towns adjacent to Freeport have sprung up as a result of this new industrial activity—a new Velasco, Clute City, Lake Jackson.

With the great development of the oil, sulphur, and chemical industries in Brazoria County, and the large increase in the rice and cattle industries, the wealth and importance of this area has sky-rocketed within the last few years and holds great promise for the future.



This view of historic old Varner Plantation (former home of Gov. James Hogg) faces Varner Creek.



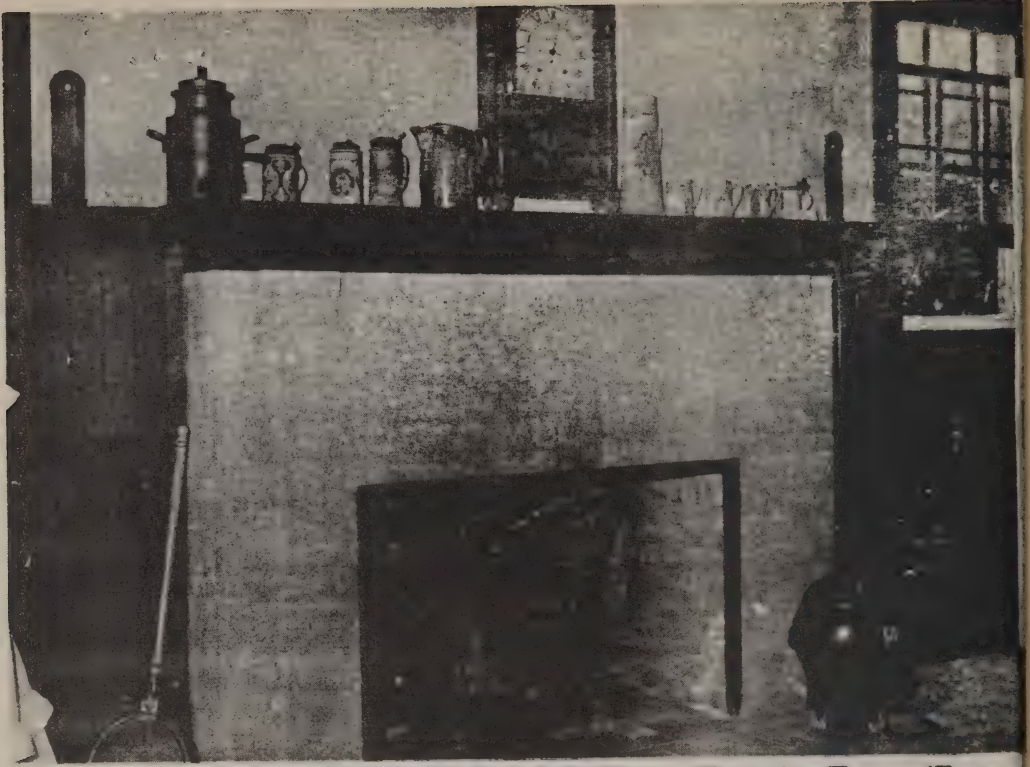
Mrs. T. M. Smith and Mrs. R. R. Farmer, Jr., are hostesses in the wide entrance hall at Varner Plantation.



Home of Mr. and Mrs. T. M. Smith in East Columbia, one of the homes built about 1850 by the Dance Brothers. A fine example of modern living amid the beauty of the past.



THE BETHEL PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH in East Columbia, built in the year 1840. This is the oldest Presbyterian Church in the State.

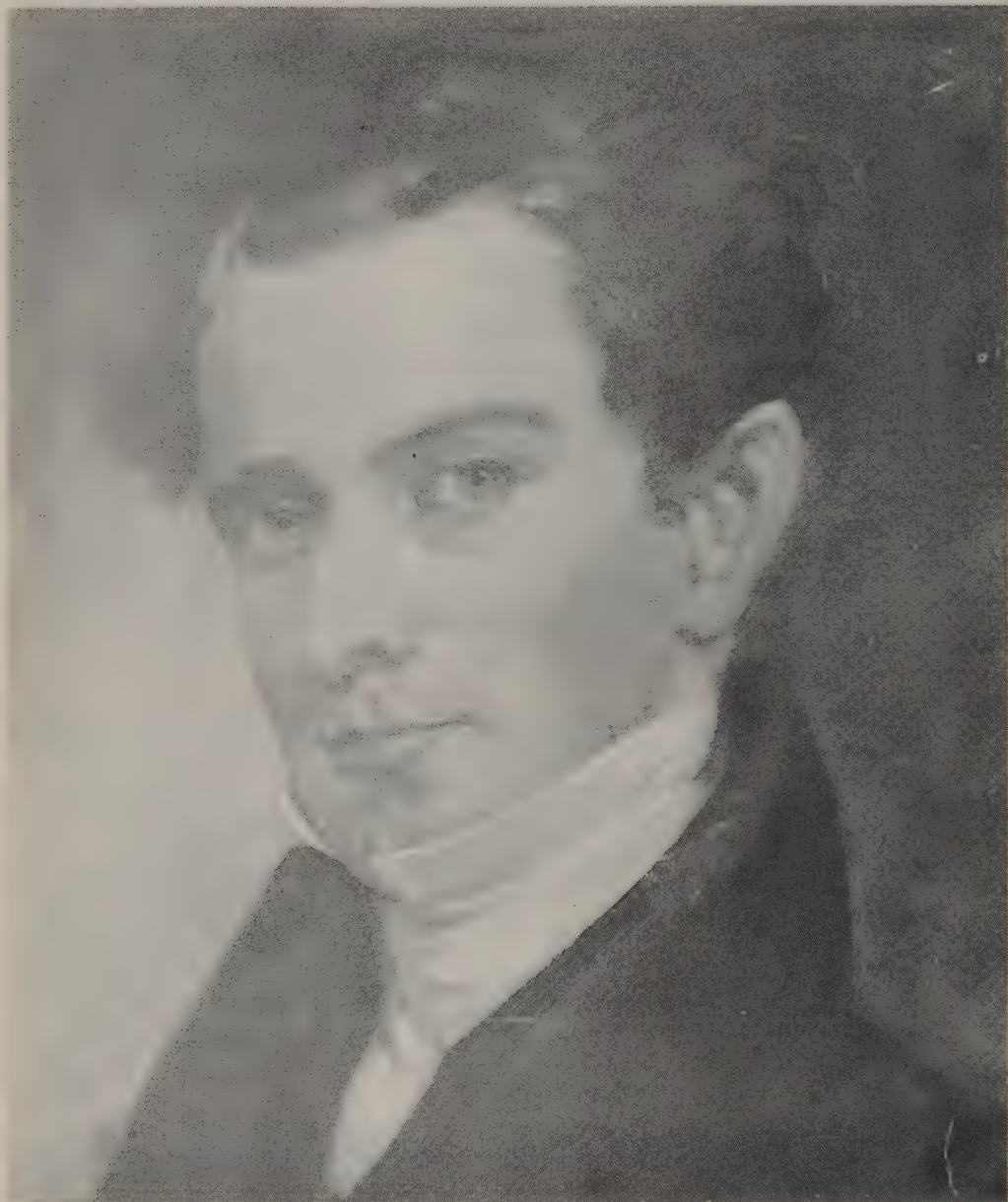


The Original Fire Place in the kitchen of the Varner Plantation Home. (Former home of Governor Hogg).

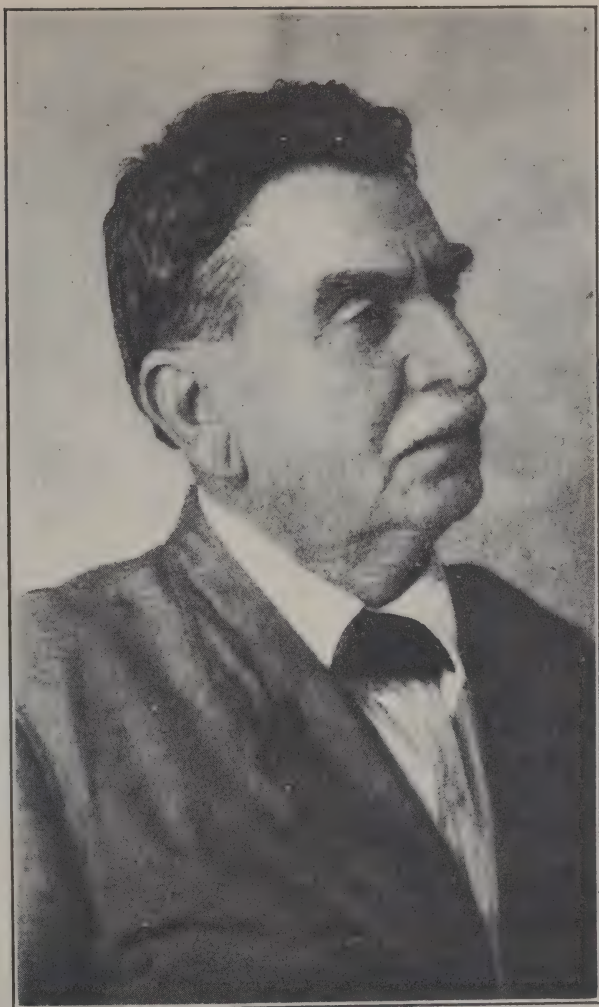


The home built in the town of Columbia by Dr. Mason Locke Weems, father of Dr. Marcus Weems in the year 1855. Much of the original charm has been kept intact by the present day owners, Mr. and Mrs. Weems Craig. Most of the furnishings are originals, brought up the Brazos River by boat.

The Old Plantations and Their Owners
of
Brazoria County, Texas
by
Abner J. Strobel
1926



STEPHEN F. AUSTIN



ABNER J. STROBEL, of *Brazoria County*

DEDICATION

To the survivors of the Confederate Army, who stood like a stone wall for white supremacy and preserved and gave us our present civilization, to whom we owe a debt of gratitude that can never be repaid, this narrative is dedicated by the Author.

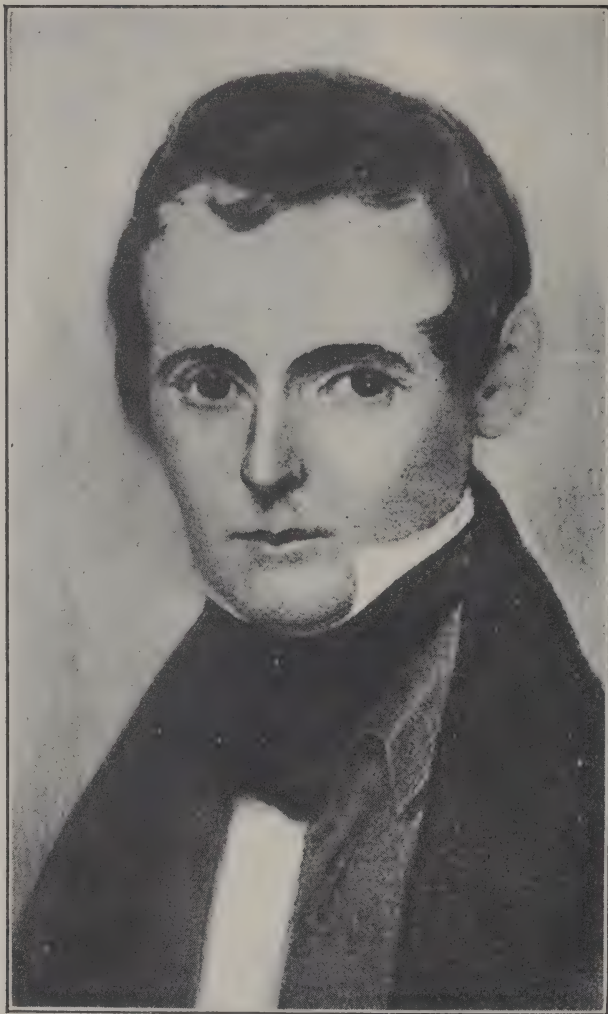
1926



THE FIRST CAPITOL OF TEXAS, *West Columbia, Brazoria County*
Erected in 1836—Destroyed in 1900



PLANTATION HOME OF MAJOR ABNER JACKSON, of Brazoria County
As it appeared in 1890. Now in Ruins. Constructed in 1851.



WM. H. WHARTON, *of Brazoria County*
Prominent in the Affairs of the Republic of Texas

INTRODUCTORY

The author of this historical story is Abner J. Strobel, now living near Chenango, Brazoria County, Texas, and it is deemed appropriate to briefly record here something of him.

The six sons of Lord Philip Wharton migrated from England to Virginia about 1660. Lord Philip was Lord Lieut. of Ireland and was a General in Cromwell's Army in 1650.

The forebears of the Texas Whartons and Strobels served during the war of the Revolution. They came from Albermarle County, Virginia. The Washingtons and Whartons migrated from Virginia to Tennessee at about the same time. Gilbert Gray Washington, Mr. Strobel's mother's father, married Elizabeth (Betsy) Wharton, the sister of Wm. H. and John A. Wharton.

Lewis M. Strobel, the father of Abner J. Strobel, was a stepson of Major Abner Jackson. The latter married in South Carolina the grandmother of Abner J. Strobel, who was the widow of John Strobel. Mr. Strobel's forebears have thus helped to make both Republics—the United States and the Republic of Texas.

Mr. Strobel's mother was born at Nashville, Tenn. August 27, 1835; was married at Nashville in 1852. She died at Mr. Strobel's home near Chenango July 4, 1915, and was buried at Angleton. Her only daughter, Mrs. Arsenath S. Kelly, was born on the Compton Plantation in 1863 and now resides at Angleton.

Mr. Strobel was born September 6th, 1858, on the Drayton Plantation, Brazoria County. His paternal ancestor, Casper Strobel had two sons, Albert and Daniel, both of whom served during the war of the Revolution with Gen. Marion. The history of the old families of South Carolina gives their careers. Albert being a great grandfather of Abner J. Strobel. Major Thomas Washington, a member of the 4th Virginia Dragoons, Colonial troops, a cousin of President Washington, was a great grandfather on his mother's side.

Abner J. Strobel in 1873 and 1875 attended school at Sewanee, Tennessee—the university of the South. In going from here there, he saw much of the destruction wrought by the Federal armies in Louisiana, Mississippi and Tennessee, and he heard far more related by other students at the University. He lived in Northwest Texas during the years 1875 to 1882.

He returned to Brazoria County in 1882, assisted in the management of a sugar and cotton plantation, with Wm., "Uncle Billie," Masterson for five years; handled stock for Austin, Bryan and others; then managed six

plantations for Francis Smith & Co. now H. P. Drought, of San Antonio, for a period of over ten years; served as tax collector of Brazoria County for four years.

Perhaps no man living is better qualified than he to write this story. It was only after repeated urging that he consented to do so. He and his loved ones felt the full force of the blow of the war between the States and Reconstruction. From affluence in 1861 to poverty in 1870, Mr. Stobel's mother (her husband and brother dead) left the Lake Jackson Plantation with \$2.50 and a railroad ticket for St. Louis in 1870 to seek employment.

The author's opinions and observations on slavery and the Negro problem—north and south—are frank and dispassionate and, in my opinion, entitled to thoughtful consideration.

The story that follows will be of surpassing interest to those who are interested in the glory and grandeur of the "Old South" and in the romantic and tragic history of Brazoria County, which for a time, was early Texas, and which the author has woven into a historical narrative that contains much which should be preserved for posterity.

In reading the story which follows, it should be remembered that the author is writing from memory and errors and omissions are to be expected.

R. M. FARRAR.

Houston, Texas.
August 15, 1926.

The Old Plantations and their Owners of Brazoria County

CHAPTER I.

"My fond heart is ever dreaming
Of the joys that long have fled,
Of the loved ones that lie sleeping,
Numbered with the silent dead."

I have been asked to write a tale or narrative of the old plantations and owners that developed them and produced a civilization in what is now Brazoria County, Texas, that has no counterpart in the annals of Time — a civilization that has completely disappeared as that of Egypt, Ancient Greece and Rome, and of a type of people without a peer.

I feel incompetent for the task, and wish a more able pen than mine had been selected. It would take a Gibbons or McCauley to do it justice. Some day, perhaps, there will come forward the writer who can accurately portray the noble men and women and the civilization they wrought.

It has vanished never to return, and we will never see its like again. What a theme for a gifted writer, and what a marvelous country and men and women to portray! As long as men find interest in the annals of the past, the story of the South from its early days, and especially Texas, will command attention. No land has given birth to men more great, more good, more brave—none have been so pitilessly stricken down in defeat. To no people has it been given to illustrate more fully that civilization is but skin-deep, and that the savage lurks within us yet. Surely the record of such a people must abound in lessons worth learning, heroisms worth knowing, facts which warn, which enlighten, which profoundly interest all thoughtful men. The field for historical research in Texas is wide and, for the most part, deeply interesting. Ours is not like the history of any other state of the Union—Texas history, taken as a whole, is unique.

It may not be unprofitable to consider the difference in the development of the two civilizations that followed the establishment of our Government. The North by itself, free, and the South with its peculiar institutions. "By their fruits, ye must judge them." There were seventeen Presidents, anterior to President Grant, out of which number eleven were southern born, and six the product of free soil, if we include John Adams. In jurisprudence, the South gave us a Marshall. In the forum, they need no mention. As statesmen, they have but few peers. Among diplomats, John Laurens, of South Carolina, a member of Washington's Staff, Special Minister to France, stands pre-eminent in the darkest hour

OLD PLANTATIONS *and* THEIR OWNERS

of our struggle, at the Court of Louis XIV. He saved the colonies and turned the tide of war in our favor. In the field, we have Washington, Lee, Stonewall Jackson and Forrest. For an honest opinion of Gen. Lee and his soldiers, see Theodore Roosevelt's life of T. H. Benton. There he stands peerless.

Such are some of the fruits of a civilization that has passed away.

CHAPTER II.

In November, 1821, Stephen F. Austin left New Orleans to lead the first body of immigrants into Texas. He reached the Brazos River on the 31st of December, 1821, proceeded up that stream, and on January 1st, 1822, pitched camp at a creek on the west side of the Brazos in what is now Washington County. From this time on, the colonists came in increasing numbers during the years 1823 to 1830. In April, 1822, eighty colonists arrived in Galveston Bay on the Schooner "Revenge," Captain Shires. Of the number, Moses L. Choate and William Pettus located on the San Jacinto, the first settlement established on that stream. Other home-seekers continued to flock to the shores of Texas, and the colony soon gave substantial promise of that success that afterward attended it.

At the close of 1819, Anson Taylor, a stalwart frontiersman, settled near the Cooshattie Village on Trinity River, and in 1820 Col. Knight and Walter C. White from Long's Camp (afterwards well known citizens of Brazoria) burned off a cane-brake and raised a crop of corn at a point on Buffalo Bayou, in what is now Harris County. And instead of the highly developed old time plantations of 1860, the ruins thereof are now mute but eloquent reminders of the type of people that composed the colony.

In the closing pages of this narrative, I propose to show why these old plantations are now mostly ruins.

The era of Texas colonization extends from 1820 to 1830. The Battle of Velasco was fought June 26, 1832, and the men that participated were mostly citizens of Brazoria County. In many ways, it was a unique battle and was of historical importance as the first actual measurement of arms in the succession of bloody dramas which led to the independence of Texas, and which has been often imperfectly described, if not partially ignored.

San Jacinto was the decisive battle in the Texas struggle (April 21, 1836) and ranks as one of the sixteen decisive battles of the world. And the personnel of Houston's Army challenges comparison as to talent, courage and morale, with that of any body of men who ever went into action. Our martyred dead at the Alamo and Goliad did not die in vain—they made possible the victory of San Jacinto.

Austin's life, unhappily short, he being only 43 years of age at his death, was entirely devoted to the interests of the colonists. He died

of BRAZORIA COUNTY, TEXAS

December 27th, 1836, at 12:30 p. m. at Columbia, now called West Columbia, the first Capital of the Republic of Texas. The multiplied labors cast upon him (as Secretary of State) in regard to foreign relations and the internal organization of the civil departments of the Government, were too much for his feeble frame. He was stricken suddenly, pneumonia developed, and in a few days the soul of Stephen F. Austin followed that of his father, which had gone before in 1821. From the first day of January, 1822, the feeble dawn of American Civilization on the Brazos, he had been identified with every movement for the public good. He had toiled in sunshine and in storm for the prosperity of his colony. He had but reached manhood's meridian when death intervened and called him. His life was one of toil and sacrifice. He was buried at the home of his sister, Mrs. James F. Perry, in the cemetery at Peach Point, Brazoria County. His remains were taken up a few years ago and reinterred at Austin in the State Cemetery. His remains, however, should have remained in Brazoria County, where he labored so long.

CHAPTER III.

PEACH POINT PLANTATION.

It is mete and proper that I should begin with the plantation at Peach Point. It was the home of Mrs. James F. Perry, the sister of Stephen F. Austin, and his home if he properly ever had a home in Texas. It can truly be said his home was wherever he hung his hat, for his duties were always of a public nature. The son of Mrs. Perry, (S. S. Perry) inherited this plantation. It was a cotton and sugar plantation. It was well improved—had its residence, office in the yard, also residence for the over-seer. I have made many visits to the plantation in my boyhood days—days that in life's afternoon I recall with pleasure. And as life's twilight shadows lengthen across my pathway, it is a pleasure to recall the many pleasant days I spent beneath its hospitable roof. Well do I remember when the day was spent and we were about to retire for the night. All would enter the parlor or sitting room, there to render thanks to Almighty God for his blessings through the day. A chapter would be read in the bible, and then a prayer would be rendered. Morn, noon and night grace would be said. Such was the daily routine at Peach Point. I mention this to show the Christian character of the people who resided in the colony, for the same can be said for the majority of the homes of those who came from the older states to reside and build up a civilization in the wilderness of Texas. A few of the descendants of this family reside at Freeport and Angleton. Others are scattered elsewhere. The plantation is practically a ruin.

OLD PLANTATIONS *and* THEIR OWNERS

DURAZNO PLANTATION.

This was the plantation home of W. Joel Bryan, another nephew of Stephen F. Austin—situated near Peach Point on Gulf Prairie. It was also a cotton and sugar plantation. The Bryan brothers, Moses Austin Bryan, W. Joel Bryan and Guy M. Bryan are too well known to Texans to need any comment. Their descendants are scattered over Texas, many of them residing in Houston, Guy M. Bryan, the banker, being one. A grandson, Sam Bryan Stratton, resides on the plantation, and another grandson, W. Joel Bryan, resides at Freeport.. Of the two plantations, the heirs, I believe, only own a portion of each.

THE HAWKINS PLANTATION.

The Hawkins plantation was on Gulf Prairie, is now like the balance of the old plantations, much of it lying out, and there is no member of the family a resident of Texas, of whom I am aware. They came from Kentucky, and returned to that state many years ago.

THE MUNSON PLANTATION

The Munson plantation, situated on Gulf Prairie, was a cotton and sugar plantation. It passed from the possession of the family many years ago. The members of the Munson family are still quite numerous in the county, and some have moved elsewhere. Many of them reside at Angleton, this county, among them being George Munson and family, a brother, Armour's family, and our present respected District Judge, M. S. Munson—the father of these being Col. M. S. Munson, a Confederate veteran who moved from Gulf Prairie many years ago and made his home on Bailey's Prairie, where he reared a large family of boys and girls. All are respected for their probity of character and other virtues. They have kept up the name and fame of the old stock of colonists, making good citizens.

THE WESTALL PLANTATION.

The Westall plantation on Gulf Prairie, was a sugar plantation and adjoined the Munson and Hawkins plantations. This family has about become extinct in name. A few descendants through the female members of the family reside, I believe, near Pearland and in Houston. They were members of Austin's colony.

THE LOWWOOD PLANTATION

The Lowwood plantation was also on Gulf Prairie, in what is known as the Bryan and Perry neighborhood. It was a sugar and cotton plantation well improved with brick buildings of all kinds. It belonged to and

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was developed by the brothers, Robert and David G. Mills. They were merchants, bankers and planters, and also owned the Bynum plantation on Bailey's Prairie, and the Palo Alto, a cotton plantation, on Oyster Creek within a few miles of Bolivar Landing, or sometimes known as Port Bolivar, the head of tide water on the Brazos. The Lowwood plantation is now a part of the Clements prison farm. The Palo Alto plantation is now a part of the Ramsey prison farm. These brothers were reputed at one time to be worth five millions of dollars, and made the currency for the Republic of Texas. They redeemed some of this currency as late as 1868, or just before their failure after the war between the States. They advanced the money to many of the planters to buy machinery and equip their plantations for sugar. And it is said that during their long business career that they never closed a man out for debt, and they had a longer business career than any other firm in Texas. They had the plantation bells cast for the Wharton plantation, the Retriever, Lake Jackson, Darrington, as well as their own three plantations, at a foundry in Philadelphia, Pa., and while there, dropped fifty Mexican silver dollars in each bell while being cast. You could hear these bells on a still morning for a distance of five miles. I have heard them ring many times at morn, noon and night. The Bynum plantation was a well improved plantation—their improvements being of brick. There are none of this family in Brazoria County, and their property belongs to others. I believe there are descendants in Galveston. The two brothers were noted for their charity. They were noble men. I knew David G. Mills well. Their lives were a noble example of the business man and citizen. They had a large store in Brazoria, carried a large stock of goods—also bankers for the entire country. At that time the town of Brazoria had a trade with Mexico, a mayor and a marshal, with about five thousand population, and this trade continued until the Mexican caravans were murdered by renegade Americans enroute to and fro to do their trading. The two places, Lowwood and Palo Alto, are being worked by the Penitentiary system, and are partially kept up. The Bynum plantation has almost grown up, and with the exception of a few negro families working a few acres at random, the once well-developed plantation is now practically a wilderness.

ELLERSLY PLANTATION.

The plantation home of J. Greenville McNeel was one of the show places of the county in an early day, and kept up its fame and beauty until the early 80's, when, unfortunately, it burned. It then, however, belonged to Mr. Huntington, its present owner. And it also has declined—is almost a ruin. There were four of these McNeels, all brothers—J. Greenville, Sterling, Leander and Pleasant McNeel. They all owned handsome plantations, and were large slave owners. Ellersly

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plantation, the home of J. Greenville McNeel, was a large two-story brick house of 21 rooms—faced west and had galleries west and south the entire length of the house, supported by immense pillars. It had marble hearths and mantels. The ceilings in the various rooms and halls were beautifully decorated. The furniture was of the handsomest—being very heavy, and of mahogany and walnut. All the rooms were carpeted. It was considered, in its day, the finest home in Texas. The yard was a beauty spot, and being near the Gulf, about ten miles, it was a delightful place in summer. And when in its prime, many gathered around its hospitable table—it was a long one—and enjoyed its well prepared food. The young people would gather there to have a good time, dancing, riding and fishing. To give one an idea what kind of horses were bred—Mr. McNeel had one stallion that cost six thousand dollars (\$6,000.00). When he selected the spot to erect his home, he found the mast of a large ocean vessel firmly planted in his yard. I have often tried to shake it, but it was too firmly planted. It was driven there long before the advent of Austin's colony, by some terrible hurricane, and the Gulf waters came inland that far. His sugar house was immense, built of brick, and at a distance looked like a turreted castle. It had a double set of sugar kettles. The overseer's house was a good brick house, and after the burning of the handsome residence, was used as a residence by the present owner, Mr. Huntington, and is so used at the present time. The first wife of Mr. Huntington was a daughter of Leander McNeel. The cabins for the slaves were all good substantial houses of brick. Of his family, only the children of his son, Morgan McNeel, are living, and they resided in Alabama, the last I knew of them. They own no part of the property formerly owned by their grandfather. During Reconstruction, this old gentleman paid as much as five thousand dollars to the Negro Bureau Agent in one year for his two sons (one of whom, Greenville, Jr., was a distinguished officer in the Confederate army), for whipping impudent negroes. You could whip a white man, and there was no attention paid to it, but whip one of the wards of the Nation, who formerly was your slave, and you would have to pay liberally. Such was life then in the land of the free and the home of the brave.

I have often wondered how much of this money the Federal government received. There must have been many millions thus collected throughout the South.

PLEASANT GROVE PLANTATION.

Pleasant Grove Plantation was the home of Leander McNeel, and joined that of his brother, J. Greenville McNeel, on the north. It was a beautiful home, similar to Greenville's, only on not so large a scale. It, too, had marble mantels and hearths, and was two-story. His sugar house and negro cabins were also of brick. The dwelling was elegantly furnished.

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It now comprises a part of the Clements prison farm. This mansion was dismantled by the Penitentiary system. It should have been preserved as a relic or land mark of an era, that would have been appreciated by posterity. The residence was in fairly good condition when the property was acquired by the Prison system, and could have been made use of as a residence for the manager or guards. The public road from Velasco and Quintana through Brazoria and Columbia on to Richmond, passed near this plantation, and in early days Leander McNeel would keep a slave on the road side to hail any belated traveler, and invite him in to spend the night, without charge, for Texans never charged anyone who sought or accepted their hospitality. It was always the custom, when you arrived, to offer a drink of liquor or cup of coffee. In 1866, after freedom of the negro, Leander McNeel would come to the town of Brazoria in his carriage with his negro coachman driving him. When he would leave town, he would be under the influence of liquor and he would put the negro in the carriage and he would drive out of town saying, "Bottom rail on top, by God." And it was so, for the town had a company of Federal soldiers, to see that the edicts of the Federal government were complied with, also it was headquarters of the Negro Bureau.

PLEASANT McNEEL PLANTATION

The plantation of the brother, Pleasant McNeel, joined the Leander McNeel plantation on the west, and was on the San Bernard river—a beautiful stream, abounding in fish of various kinds, especially red fish. This was a cotton plantation exclusively, and was not improved as handsomely as the homes of the other two brothers. All the brothers had children, but I believe they all died without issue. I knew them all, and if there are any alive, I fail to recall where they are. There are none residing here. This property, or the greater part of it, I believe, was absorbed by the Prison system.

CHRISTOPHER BELL PLANTATION.

A little farther up the San Bernard river lies the old Christopher Bell plantation. It was a sugar plantation—well improved—brick residence and the necessary improvements for a well conducted plantation.

In an early day there was a party of New Yorkers traveling in Texas, and they were entertained by Mr. Bell and family. When they returned to New York, they wrote up a description of their journey and the dinner they had at Mr. Bell's. It would satisfy the appetite of an epicure. They described it in detail. The various kinds of meats, mostly of wild game. The dinner so well cooked as only the well trained negro servant could do, and whose culinary art soon became famous over the entire country, and eventually spread to Europe. While the table groaned with the good things of life, and all produced here, for it was

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very difficult and costly in those days to have them shipped in. The planter lived at home. The food was of such a variety that it would suit the most epicurean taste. They also stated that bowie knives and pocket knives were used at the table, and for forks they had them made from cane that grew in the primeval forest. For cups to drink water, coffee and milk, gourds were used, that were raised on the plantation. They stated that such a meal could not be duplicated in New York. I wish the present generation could read the description, and realize what a happy and contented lot was the portion of the early settlers. They had their hardships, 'tis true, but nature had abundantly supplied the forest with game and much wild fruit in season. The San Bernard and Caney bottom are still the best hunting grounds left for the present generation. But alas! with modern guns and modern pot hunting, it is being fast depleted of its wild game, and many species have become extinct. It is only too true. As the Indians said, they had good range and plenty of game until the white man came. That the white man destroyed the range by burning the grass and by killing the game for sport and to see how much game they could kill on a hunt.

FANNIN AND MIMS PLACE.

Above on the San Bernard lies the Fannin and Mims Place. Col. Fannin with his command were massacred at Goliad. It was a sugar plantation equipped with all the necessary buildings for a well regulated sugar plantation. When leaving for Goliad, Col. Fannin wrote a beautiful letter to his partner, Mr. Mims, leaving his family in Mims' care and protection. The desolation that now reigns supreme on this once well cultivated plantation is pathetic. There is not one of either family that resides on the old plantation, and I can not now recall what became of Fannin's family. I suppose they returned to Georgia, from whence they came. He gave his life for Texas, and while he surrendered as a prisoner of war, with the understanding that he and his command were to be returned to the States, they were practically all massacred, and it was one of the most brutal crimes recorded in history. Practically all of the Mims family, especially in name, have disappeared from the county. I know of only one descendant, a Mr. Wellborn, who was formerly tax collector of this county. He now resides at Freeport. Mr. Mims paid an eighty thousand dollar debt that he owed Robert and David G. Mills after equipping his plantation for the making of sugar. I do not recall any other names of Brazoria County citizens, except Col Fannin, as having fallen at either Goliad or the Alamo. There may have been some others.

THE LEVI JORDAN PLANTATION.

This plantation lies west of the Fannin and Mims Plantation. It was a sugar plantation, possessed a good brick sugar house and brick cabins for the slaves. The residence was a large roomy frame house. In its day,

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the plantation was very productive. Large crops of sugar and cotton were produced. The plantation is now fast growing up in undergrowth and timber. A portion of it, however, is owned at present by the venerable and worthy citizen, Capt. J. C. McNeill, whom everyone loves and esteems for his noble qualities. He is a grandson of the original owner, Levi Jordan. A portion is owned by Will Martin, a great grandson. The major portion, however, is owned by strangers. Captain McNeill resides on a portion of the Fannin and Mims plantation, on which he has built a comfortable home. He performed a noble and worthy part during the days of Reconstruction, immediately after the war between the States, when the South was overrun by carpet baggers. He was also a Confederate soldier at the age of sixteen. And in his declining years he has a sufficient amount of this world's goods to be comfortable. Brazoria County owes much to his services during the dark days of Reconstruction—conditions would have been much worse throughout the South but for such men. The present generation does not realize how much they owe to the stand taken by such men following the war between the States.

THE OLD SPENCER PLANTATION.

This plantation lies practically in the edge of the new town of Brazoria. It was a fine cotton plantation, with a good frame residence, gin house and good frame houses for the slaves. It no longer bears any resemblance to its condition 60 years ago. It too has gone to decay, and is owned in small tracts by strangers. There are none of this family residents of the county. A few descendants reside in San Antonio and Louisiana. When Banks was raiding Louisiana and burning plantation after plantation, Captain Spencer's son-in-law, Mr. Mansur, who was a Northern man and a Union man, hastily brought his negroes to Texas and sold them. He tried to get his father-in-law, Capt. Spencer, to sell his, but the Captain would not. Banks burned the plantation in Louisiana belonging to Mr. Mansur, but the Federal Government in after years paid him full value. Result, Mr. Mansur came out of the war rich while his father-in-law was impoverished by the loss of his slaves. Mansur in later years told of "peddling" his negroes in Texas at anything he could get for them when he became convinced that the South would lose the war.

JUDGE THOMAS G. MASTERSON.

In the early days of the Republic, there came to Texas Judge Thomas G. Masterson. He first settled at Velasco, and merchandised with Edwin Waller. Velasco became a town of several thousand population, and the first cotton raised in Texas was shipped from its wharves. Judge Masterson came from Nashville, Tennessee, and was a personal friend of Sam Houston. He was a nephew of Gilbert Gray Washington and Thomas Washington, who went from Brunswick County, Virginia, to Nashville. Judge Masterson married a granddaughter of Governor Roane—Miss Christina Roane, who was also a cousin of that noble "old Roman," Sena-

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tor John T. Morgan of Alabama. He had six sons and two daughters. Of this number, four were Confederate soldiers, all who were old enough. They moved from Velasco to near the town of Brazoria in late years, and the second son, T. W. Masterson, the father of the present Judge William Masterson and Leigh Masterson, now of Houston, erected a sugar house on their plantation below Brazoria. He operated it until his death. It is still owned, I believe, by his children who reside in Houston. The old dwelling, which was a large frame building, was burned some years ago, and the plantation too is a ruin. T. W. Masterson was a member of Hood's Texas Brigade, and never had a furlough during the entire war, during which he was wounded.

THE WINSTON FAMILY.

There also came another family to the county—the Winstons from Alabama. A noble set of men they were. There were Stephen, Anthony, Fayette and Fountain Winston. Stephen Winston's plantation was on Cedar Lake, as was also Fayette and Fountain Winston's. Anthony Winston's plantation was about two miles north of the town of Brazoria. They were all cotton plantations.. I mention them more to call attention to the class of people we had, and their names should not be forgotten. The only resident we have by the name was a resident of Alvin, this county, some years ago. They were of old Revolutionary stock, and I am told were men of noble mould. Some of the descendants did reside at San Marcos and San Antonio. They lost their lands, which have almost all gone back to their original state, except for negroes living on a few acres here and there.

THE JOHN SWEENEY PLANTATION.

This plantation lies on Chance's Prairie nine miles west of Columbia, the first Capitol of the Republic. He had two sons in the Battle of San Jacinto—Thomas J. and William B. Sweeney. He opened up a large plantation, and left each of his sons a plantation and slaves sufficient to work them. He had five sons and one daughter, Sophie. All are now dead, and his descendants are scattered, being grandchildren and great grandchildren. Thos. J. Sweeney, a son of the first John, was a close friend of Gen. Houston, and they frequently exchanged letters which the descendants preserved up until recent years when unfortunately they were destroyed by a fire. Their former lands are now largely owned by strangers, and no longer present the condition they were in some 60 years ago. He, too, became involved in debt and owed Robert and D. G. Mills some \$60,000.00. He made wooden rollers out of the native live oak and converted his large plantation into a sugar plantation and paid the debt and left a handsome fortune to his family. A few of his descendants are living in Angleton, Houston and San Antonio. The children of

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Edward H. Sweeney, a grandson, are still living on Chance's Prairie. I believe the wife (who recently died) of Hon. W. M. Holland of Houston, was a great granddaughter, and T. C. Sweeney of Houston, a great grandson of the first John Sweeney, still own parts of the old place. John Sweeney came to Texas from Tennessee some years previous to the Battle of San Jacinto. A number of his sons were in the Confederate Army. The town of Sweeney is named after him, and strangers now largely occupy their lands. An old abstract of title shows a conveyance from Polly and Chance to Wm. B. Sweeney, March 25, 1835, of 2.319 acres for a recited consideration of \$1,950.00.

THE JOSIAH BELL PLANTATION.

This plantation adjoins the town of Columbia, or what is now known as West Columbia. In fact, the town is built on a portion of his land, known as the Bell League. It lies equal distance between the two rivers, Brazos and San Bernard. It is around this old plantation that much of Texas history was made. Its Capitol was laid off on a portion of the land. It was under a beautiful grove of oaks that the first Congress was held—no house being sufficiently large to hold the gathering. The Capitol building was a small frame house, too small for the purpose. It stood until the 1900 hurricane blew it down, as it did many other historic buildings. The ground where the building stood was offered as a gift to the State. But be it said to our shame, there was not sufficient interest taken to preserve the spot and what was left of the building for posterity. Some day the people of Texas will regret this indifference and neglect. It was to this place that Santa Anna was taken as a prisoner of war. It was here that Austin died of over-work while Secretary of State. How much of glory attaches to the old Capitol would fill a book. Even its name has been taken from it. It is now known as West Columbia, when it is really the only Columbia. East Columbia on the Brazos was first known as Bell's Landing, then later as Marion. But in later years it appropriated the name of Columbia and has retained it ever since. The real Columbia, the old original Capitol, then declined until it was a mere village of two or three stores, with possibly a hundred inhabitants. A portion of this old plantation is now owned by our worthy citizen, R. B. Loggins. He has renovated the old residence. As a plantation, however, it has declined and gone to decay. Years ago before the Southern Pacific Railway was thought of or built out of Harrisburg, John Adriance and others contemplated building a railroad, beginning at Columbia and running through San Antonio on to the Pacific Coast, and with this in view, he bought all the land extending between the two towns of Columbia as a terminal for the road and a site on which to build a city. Horace Cone and several others were sent to France to secure a loan. They succeeded in securing a loan of several millions of dollars, and on his return he died. With his death the enterprise collapsed. But

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for this mishap, the Southern Pacific would have been built from the Brazos River instead of from Harrisburg on Buffalo Bayou. And the main city of Texas would have been the first Capital of Texas—Columbia—instead of Houston. Such, however, is destiny. And how much sometimes depends on the life of one man! This family of Bells have long been prominent in the affairs of Texas. None now reside here, and their former holding are now owned by strangers. A few of the descendants reside in Austin and San Antonio. The Bell league is believed to be rich in oil.

THE MCCORMICK PLANTATION.

This plantation is situated in a beautiful bend in the San Bernard River. It was a cotton plantation. In its prime it was fairly well improved. It was from this plantation that J. M. McCormick went to battle at San Jacinto, a member of Captain William H. Patton's company. This family has also been prominent in the affairs of Texas. The son, A. P. McCormick, was for years district judge in this district. Later he became federal judge and moved to Dallas where he died a few years ago. As a family, they stood high in the community. It is told on the father of Judge A. P. McCormick, that he would be sent to the field to plow—his team was a yoke of oxen—and in order that the youthful plowman would not play off in his work, his father would put a bell on the team so as to tell whether he was steady at work. As long as the bell could be heard, it would be known that he was plowing. If it stopped, then his father would know that the plowing had ceased. None of this family reside in the county. The family of Judge A. P. McCormick reside at Dallas. The land is now owned by strangers, and very little of it worked. As a plantation, it has ceased to exist.

THE PATTON PLANTATION.

This plantation lies near West Columbia. It was opened up in an early day by Wm. H. Patton, who was from Mississippi. It was in his care that Santa Anna and his staff were placed under guard and taken to the plantation of Dr. James A. E. Phelps, known as Orozimbo, a few miles above Columbia on the Brazos. Patton was Captain of a company and aide de camp at the Battle of San Jacinto. It was a well improved sugar plantation. A large brick sugar house, with double set of kettles—a two story brick residence, and the cabins for the slaves were of brick. A well kept yard, and field well worked—it was an ideal planters home. It, too, as declined. The field is partly grown up—the sugar house and negro cabins are in ruins. Gov. James Stephen Hogg bought the old plantation some years ago, and told his heirs to keep it and within twenty years there would be an oil field developed on this property. His prophesy has come true, and the oil has made his children rich. The Governor, whom everyone esteemed and loved, took great pride and interest in the plantation during his latter years, and farmed it while he

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lived. His children have kept the old residence in repair, and sometimes use it for week-end parties. While vast amounts of oil have been produced from parts of these lands, it has hardly been touched. When the field was in full operation, it put new life in the old town of West Columbia, which grew to have a population of some ten or twelve thousand people. However, as the field declined in production, the town declined in population, until now it is again a village. The Patton family, who consisted of two other brothers beside the owner of this plantation, has almost become extinct. The only descendant that I can recall is the wife of Wm. Rees P. Sweeney, and they reside in Angleton, this county. They have one child, a son. Their former lands are now owned by strangers.

THE WALDECK PLANTATION.

This plantation which joins the Patton plantation on the north and is now owned by the Texas (Oil) Company was opened up in an early day by Morgan L. Smith of Massachusetts. It was the finest equipped sugar plantation in the county, and was indeed a beautiful place. Its well kept turn-rows and the park around its fine brick residence was ever a pleasant view. I can see it now with several thousand acres of waving cane and corn as far as the eye could see. Mr. Smith had decorated the park around the residence with twenty-five thousand dollars worth of statuary. It was a sight for the gods. The sugar house was of brick, an immense structure, and resembled more some tessellated castle than a building for the making of sugar. It had a double set of sugar kettles. Also in conjunction with the sugar house was a refinery for the making of white cut loaf sugar—sugar was also made in cubes. This was the first sugar refinery in Texas. The barns or cribs, of which there were several, were of brick, as also were the cabins for the slaves. There was a nice brick church erected on the plantation where services were held for the slaves—whites also attending. The services were conducted by white ministers. In the ravine that ran through the plantation was made an immense cement reservoir, that held water for the use of the sugar house and refinery for the making of sugar. In an early day, Prince Waldeck, a cousin of Queen Victoria of England, visited Texas, and while here was the guest of Smith and was so taken with the plantation that he purchased it. He owned and operated it for years, through the firm of Spofford & Company, New York. Smith was also a large merchant at Columbia. He is said to have carried a stock of a half million dollars. We had several large merchants in the towns of Columbia and Brazoria, among them John Adriance in Columbia, and Robert and D. G. Mills, and Patrick McGreal of Brazoria. Patrick McGreal once lost a cargo of merchandise in the Brazos at Brazioria worth forty thousand dollars, and another cargo worth eighty thousand dollars at the mouth of the Brazos. John Adriance told the writer that he had taken in as much as five thousand dollars in cash in one day, besides his credit sales, and business

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was mostly done on credit in those days. This gives one an idea of the magnitude of business done in that day. After the sale of the plantation to Prince Waldeck, Smith returned to Boston, Mass., and after the war between the States, committed suicide. Such was the end of a talented and gifted man of business, who had done much for Texas and society in general. The once beautiful plantation is now a ruin—where happiness and contentment once prevailed, desolation reigns supreme. It is a sad commentary on conditions then and now. It is now a grazing ground for cattle, having been leased for that purpose several years ago. The Texas (Oil) Company evidently purchased it for its oil possibilities.

THE OSCEOLA PLANTATION.

The next plantation and adjoining the Waldeck plantation is the Osceola plantation, which was the plantation home of Wm. G. Hill, who came to Texas in an early day from Tennessee. He developed it as a cotton plantation. Later on it came into possession of Spofford of New York and was developed by him as a sugar plantation. It, too, is now a ruin. Hill reared a large family here, and they were all noted as good citizens. Some of his boys were in the Confederate Army, and made distinguished records. There are none but grandchildren alive now. One only in this county. The others are scattered over the State—a few are residents of Houston. Norfleet Hill and his widowed mother are residents of that city. The old plantation is now owned by one of the esteemed citizens of Columbia, Travis L. Smith.

THE MANER PLANTATION.

This plantation was owned by the family of that name, and lies north of the Osceola Plantation on the Brazos River. It was a cotton plantation. This was a large family and prominent in an early day. The last of the name served in Hood's Brigade during the war between the States. He survived the war, during which he never had a furlough. On his return from the war, his neighbors wanted to know why he came back. He told them that Lee had surrendered and he was a paroled prisoner. This was the first news they had of Lee's surrender and could hardly believe it. This place is also a wreck of its former self, and but few acres are being worked. Strangers own the land, and of its descendants I know of none alive, except Mrs. E. H. Sweeney of Sweeney, this county, a granddaughter, and T. C. Sweeney of Houston, a great grandson. Maner Lake is named after the family on whose land it was located.

THE PHELPS PLANTATION.

The plantation home of Dr. J. A. E. Phelps was developed as a cotton plantation, and well improved as such. It is chiefly noted as the place where Gen. Santa Anna was kept as a prisoner of war. While there under

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guard, a soldier attempted to kill Santa Anna, and but for the timely action of Mrs. Phelps would have succeeded. In an instant she threw her arms around Santa Anna, which prevented the soldier from firing. This act saved his life. After this, Santa Anna attempted to take his life by poison, but the prompt action of Dr. Phelps in pumping the poison from him, again saved his life. Santa Anna was a Mason, and it is said that it was largely the reason of his life having been spared. Sam Houston, the Whartons, Dr. Phelps, Wm. H. Patton and others of his captors were Masons. Santa Anna never forgot the kindness of Dr. Phelps and wife, and in later years when their son, Orlando, was taken prisoner in the ill fated Mier expedition, Santa Anna showed his gratitude by setting Orlando free, as soon as he was notified that he was among the prisoners. He had him brought to the president's palace—kept him there some days, provided him with good clothes, paid his passage aboard ship to New York and gave him five hundred dollars in gold. This shows that good deeds do not always go unrewarded. Many years ago Orlando Phelps left the old plantation and moved to Houston. He had a son and daughter. The daughter became the wife of John Garrison, an eminent Houston attorney. Their property is now owned by strangers, and has gone to decay. If any of it is worked, it is in small tracts.

THE JACK PLANTATION.

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This plantation lies a few miles up the river from Velasco. It was a cotton plantation, and is chiefly noted as being the home of the two talented brothers—Wm. H. and Patrick C. Jack. They were lawyers by profession, and did much for the Republic of Texas. The place has deteriorated until but little is in cultivation and nothing of the earlier improvements remain. Wm. H. Jack was a San Jacinto veteran. I believe the name has become extinct. I went to school at Sewanee, Tennessee, with young Tom Jack, who gave promise of being a talented man. He then resided at Galveston, Texas. There may be some who are related to the family still in Galveston. A granddaughter married R. V. Davidson, a former Attorney General of Texas, who was a distinguished lawyer.

THE CROSBY PLANTATION.

This plantation lies up the Brazos on the west side of the river, between Perry's Landing and Brazoria.. The prairie is named for this family. Members of this family were in the Battle of Velasco, June 26th, 1832. Also in the Battle of San Jacinto. I have made visits to their old home in my boyhood days, and well do I remember their whole soul hospitality. Distinctly do I recall the good sausage and crackling bread. The plantation is a wreck of its former self, and of the once happy family that resided there, not one is left that I recall. If any there are, they reside elsewhere. The last I knew, some of the descendants

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owned a portion of their old home, but like the other of these old places, the major part is owned by strangers.

THE OLD WARE PLACE.

This place, located on Oyster Creek—another family of veterans—is now gone to ruin. It is the last place on Oyster Creek near its mouth, and I only mention it as the name is an honored one and should be remembered.

THE MOSES AUSTIN BRYAN PLANTATION.

This plantation was once the home of the Bryan of that name. It lies north of the Ware plantation and within four miles of Velasco. He was a nephew of Stephen F. Austin; he was a San Jacinto veteran, and Houston's interpreter when Santa Anna was captured. It was a cotton plantation. It is now owned by Mr. Brock and Mrs. Tom Stratton who are descendants of the Bryans. None of Moses Austin Bryan's children reside here. They are scattered over the State. Lewis R. Bryan, a son, resides in Houston. Others reside in Washington County and some at Bryan. The plantation is divided among the heirs of Tom Stratton, and is now known as Stratton's Ridge. It is believed that large deposits of oil and sulphur lie beneath the surface of the old plantation. A number of oil wells have been bored on the property, but it has not been developed as an oil field.

THE CALVIT PLANTATION.

This plantation was opened up by the family of that name in an early day and became the home of Col. John H. Herndon. Herndon married the only daughter and heir of this fine plantation, and did much to develop the property. He was a civil engineer by profession, and a native of Kentucky—a man of elegant manners and a highly cultured gentleman. He located many of the old leagues and grants for the early settlers of Texas, and it is said he was the largest land owner in Texas, owning something like a million acres of land. This plantation was equipped as a sugar plantation. The sugar house was of brick, and there was a large frame residence, and what was called an office in the yard. The residence was two-story and contained some ten or twelve rooms. He also had a twelve room frame residence at Velasco, which was then quite a town, and the only port at that time on the Gulf in Texas. The first cotton shipped from Texas was through the port of Velasco, and sold for fifty cents a pound. In excavating for the foundation of the sugar house on this plantation the hull of an ocean boat was found, showing that at some remote period in the past a hurricane had driven it inland that far, a distance of about ten miles from the gulf. The residence at Velasco was his summer residence. Many of the planters had summer homes there. Their amusements were bathing in the Gulf, horse racing

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and balls, etc. The Herndons had a large stock of cattle and fine stock of Arabian horses. Shanghai Pierce, in later years, became the owner of the cattle, and that was the making of his fortune. Col. Herndon was a Confederate soldier, and never married. Sandy Herndon married, and was for some years in the real estate business in Houston. One daughter, Flolly Herndon, married Dr. Leonard W. Groce, and resides at Hempstead. The other daughter married a Dr. Mayfield, and I believe is a resident of Bay City. The two brothers are dead. Out of all this immense estate, the heirs own no part of it. It is now occupied by strangers in small tracts and known as Clute. As a plantation it has disappeared.

EAGLE ISLAND

Eagle Island, the plantation home of Wm. H. Wharton, was developed at an early date. It was a part of the estate of Col. Jared E. Groce, and was left to his only daughter, Mrs. Sarah Ann Groce Wharton, wife of Wm. H. It was a sugar plantation, had a double set of kettles, built of brick. The cabins were of brick, also the overseer's residence. It was a well equipped plantation. In having the machinery made in Philadelphia for the sugar house, they had it made in duplicate. This is the only instance of the kind that I know of, the object being to avoid delay in getting parts should a breakdown occur. The first residence the Whartons built on the plantation was of logs, and I have often heard Mrs. Wharton say that the happiest days of her life were spent in it. The floor was of dirt, made hard by constant sprinkling. In after years they built a commodious frame house. It was a story and a half with two long galleries and a large hall, also an office of several rooms in the yard. They have entertained as many as thirty at a time for weeks. In later years when her son, the late Confederate general, John A. Wharton, was at home he would give large hunting parties. Horses and servants were supplied the guests. In planning the home, Wm. H. Wharton sent to Europe for a landscape gardener to beautify the yard and lake that was near the residence. It was a beautiful scene when finished, and many prominent people from Texas and abroad were entertained at this beautiful home. In summer, the gentle gulf breeze and wide expanse of lawn and the landscape garden on the lake made it an ideal place to spend the summer, and by the guests, who were fortunate enough to be entertained, never to be forgotten. Then, too, Mr. and Mrs. Wharton were ideal hosts, being well educated and in possession of a fine library, and income sufficient to entertain on a lavish scale. Mrs. Wharton was educated at Columbia, Tenn. They had negroes who did nothing but hunt, and whose duty it was to keep the table supplied with game, which was always abundant. Across the lake is the old family grave yard, which was kept up in their life time, where some of the most prominent people of Texas are buried, among them Dr. Branch T. Archer, whose request was to be buried with the Whartons, whom he loved so well. Col. John A. Wharton, the San-Jacinto veteran, "the Keenest Blade on the Field of San Jacinto," is

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buried there, also one of the Virginia Dabney's, a relative. I suppose there are a hundred people buried there, and I am sorry to say, the graves have been desecrated. Many of the marble slabs have been removed that marked their last resting place, and now you cannot tell the graves of any—all were formerly plainly marked so one could find them in after years. They must be ghouls indeed who could thus invade the City of the Dead.

Mrs. Wharton, upon the annexation of Texas, presented, President Tyler with a handsome pitcher made from Mexican silver dollars.

Once in crossing the Brazos, the skiff in which Wm. H. Wharton and his wife were, capsized; he, being a good swimmer, swam with his wife to the shore. The two brothers, Wm. H. and John A. Wharton, were much attached to each other. When his brother died, in 1837, he changed the name of his son, who was named for Col. Hiram Waller of Waller County, for his brother John A. Wharton. Previous to that he was known as Waller Wharton. In 1834, Col. John A. Wharton, the San Jacinto veteran and brother of Wm. H. Wharton, rode from the town of Brazoria to Louisiana and secured a charter or dispensation to organize Masonry in Texas. It was organized December 27, 1834, in a peach brake near the town of Brazoria under an oak, on what is now known as Capt. Ballowe's Place, by the following Masons: John A. Wharton, Asa Brigham, James A. E. Phelps, Anson Jones and Alexander Russell. They were afterwards joined by J. P. Caldwell and Warren D. C. Hall. When the Mexicans captured Brazoria, in 1836, a member of this lodge broke in the door of the lodge room, secured the charter and fought with it in his saddle pockets in the battle of San Jacinto. In the final adjustment of Masonry, after the battle of San Jacinto, Houston retained the name and Charter, and is now known as Holland Lodge No. 4, while West Columbia has the Archives, etc., and is known as St. John's Lodge No. 5. Brazoria has the Masonic Charter Oak. An acre around this oak was given and deeded the Grand Lodge of Texas by Mrs. Jane Ballowe Holt a few years ago. Mrs. Holt's father, Capt. Ballowe, was a Mason. Wm. H. Wharton was in the battle at Velasco, fought June 26, 1832, a member of Capt. John Austin's company (no kin to Stephen F. Austin). He, with Stephen F. Austin and Dr. Branch T. Archer, were commissioners to the United States to seek aid for the struggling Texans in their efforts for independence from Mexico. How well they succeeded is recorded in history. Wm. H. Wharton was the first Minister of the Republic of Texas to the United States, and it was while writing instructions as Secretary of State, to Wm. H. Wharton, that Stephen F. Austin was stricken with pneumonia, and it may be said that he literally died in harness. His final and last labors were for Texas. And if it is given to the spirit of the departed to view his life's work, he can look upon Anglo-Saxon civilization, from the Gulf of Mexico to the State of Washington, as in a large measure his life's work. In a few years, his co-laborer, Wm. H. Wharton, followed him to the Great Unknown. On a visit to his brother-

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in-law, near Hempstead, he accidentally shot himself when drawing his holster pistol from its scabbard on dismounting to go in the house of Col. Leonard W. Groce. History records that Wm. H. Wharton accidentally shot himself on returning from a hunt, but the above are the facts. Thus ended the life's work and career of the two brothers, Wm. H. and John, A. Wharton.

They had an only sister (my grandmother) Elizabeth Wharton, who married Gilbert Gray Washington of Nashville, Tennessee, formerly of Brunswick County, Virginia. The sister never came to Texas.

I will now record a little private history and different from the usual version of the escape from prison in Mexico of Wm. H. Wharton. After his capture on the high seas, and when in prison in Mexico, he was visited by Father Muldoon, a priest of the Catholic church. On Father Muldoon's second visit he said, "Mr. Wharton, next time I come, I shall bring you the garb of a Catholic Priest. You can then dress yourself as a priest, walk out—there will be no questions asked, and remember you are a Catholic Priest until you reach Texas." He did so and safely reached his home. "A friend in need is truly a friend indeed," and as such Father Muldoon proved himself. We must not forget that Wm. H. Wharton was a Protestant and a member of the Presbyterian church, and Father Muldoon had charge of the Catholic Diocese. He and Wm. H. Wharton were great friends, and when here, he would always visit at the Wharton home. Both were highly educated men and enjoyed each other's society. And also Father Muldoon enjoyed having access to the Wharton library, which was a good one. Both were college bred men. It is said Father Muldoon owned one hundred leagues of land. The town of Muldoon, in Fayette County, is named for him. After this act of kindness, the two men never met, as Wm. H. Wharton soon thereafter died. The Whartons never knew what this act of kindness cost Father Muldoon, the details having never been given to the public. And so far as I know, this is its first publicity. The Republic of Texas granted the two brothers ten leagues of land, each for their services to Texas. They did not accept, saying that they did not fight for Texas for pay. It was re-enacted three times by the State of Texas, and no heirs claiming it, it was then set aside for the public schools. With the death of Wm. H. Wharton this left his widow with an only child, John A Wharton, born in 1829 at Nashville, Tenn., and died at Houston in 1865. When Mrs. Wharton heard of the death of her husband, she dropped as if she was shot. Thereafter she dressed in black and never wore any other color. I can see her now—her face as white as alabaster and great furrows on her face as if put there by some instrument. She was a grand and noble character. To look at her, you at once recognized that she was a superior woman. She was always charitable. She reared and educated a number of boys and girls, and the major portion were no kin. After the death of her husband, she devoted her life to rearing her only child, John A.

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Wharton. She sent him to South Carolina to college, and when he finished college he read law under the Hon. William Preston, the famous lawyer and statesman of Columbia, South Carolina. While there, he became acquainted with Miss Penelope Johnson of South Carolina and they were married. He brought his wife to Texas and to his mother's home, "Eagle Island." On the death of Governor Johnson, his wife received, as her portion of her father's estate, forty thousand dollars in money and sixty slaves. John A. Wharton, was elected as Attorney of Brazoria County, also Sheriff, before the war between the States. When the war started, he raised a company and became a member of the 8th Texas Cavalry, better known as Terry's Texas Rangers. On the death of Col. B. F. Terry, he was elected colonel of the regiment. He finally rose to the rank of Major General, with command of all Cavalry west of the Mississippi. His military record is well known and is a part of the history of that period. He was wounded several times and survived the war to be killed at its close by one of his command, Col. Geo. Baylor, at the old Fannin House in Houston. Thus went this gallant soldier, and when it occurred, Judge W. P. Ballinger of Galveston said it was a public calamity. When the poor old widowed mother, Mrs. Sarah Ann Wharton, was informed of his death, she fainted. But the brave mother of the gallant son and soldier still had his only child, a daughter, Kate Ross Wharton, to live for, and right bravely did she perform her task. She reared and educated the granddaughter, who was the apple of her eye. And it would seem that her afflictions were enough to break the spirit of this noble woman, but she was to drink the cup of bitterness to its dregs. In 1871 Kate Ross Wharton died, and thus ended this immediate branch of the Wharton family in Texas. Then the wife of John A. Wharton, died and the old mother was left alone. She died in poverty, it is said, in 1878 and is buried on the old plantation near the grave of Kate, the grandchild. There are other Whartons who bear the name, and are quite distantly related—one the distinguished lawyer, C. R. Wharton of Houston; the Nashville Whartons; Jack Wharton of Arkansas; the Whartons of Jackson, Mississippi; the North Carolina Whartons; also the Virginia Whartons, one of the same name who was a member of the army of Northern Virginia, Gen. John A. Wharton, who commanded a brigade. The Whartons in America came from one common ancestor—Lord Philip Wharton, who was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland early in the 17th century. He had six sons who came to America and located in Albermarle County, Virginia. From there, their offspring migrated to various states of the Union. In 1884, I visited Nashville, Tennessee, and while there I met one of its oldest residents. He said to me, "Young man, the men of the Wharton name are all fine men," but, said he, "The women are better," and I thought what higher tribute could one have thus expressed. It was a remarkable family to be thus ended so abruptly and so tragically. But it is not for us to question the ways of the Infinite.

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This once handsome home and well cultivated field is now lying fallow, a wreck indeed, with its mounds of brick where formerly stood buildings of different kinds. No more do footsteps resound through its once well kept turnrows, for "Ole Marster" and "Old Missus" are sleeping side by side and their spirits are roaming with the blest. Old Uncle Jake, one of the Wharton slaves, lives at Clute, which is but a short distance from the old Wharton homesite, and delights to tell of the glory and grandeur of the old times "befo de wa."

Some time in the early 30's, Wm. H. Wharton and his wife made a trip to New York City, and as was the custom, Mrs. Wharton took a likely slave girl along as nurse and maid—her son, the late Confederate General, being quite small at the time. While there this slave girl was enticed away from them, and they never got her back. They stayed several weeks, using every means to get her. It was the duty of the officials of any state to return fugitive slaves to their owners. But, alas, to show the feeling at that early day, they got but luke warm assistance from the state officials. Years after, this same negro girl wrote Mrs. Wharton a pitiful pleading letter to send for her. Mrs. Wharton would not do so, and let her stay among her new found friends.

Within eight miles of the old historic Wharton home are the two towns of Velasco and Quintana. Both in the early days were considerable towns, and the only seaports. They had a trade across the ocean and with New York City. McKinney and Williams had wharves and warehouses, and there were merchants who carried a considerable stock of goods. There were no compresses in those days. The bale was shipped as it came from the gin. The Whartons at one time owned the greater part of old Velasco, and may years after, they sold their interest to an agent of the English Rothschilds, who at the time contemplated building a seaport there. The two towns are practically obliterated, no house at all in old Velasco, and very few in Quintana. The hurricanes and Brazos River floods have done their work, and the trade and population have long ago abandoned both as trading points, and are now doing business at Houston and Galveston. They have what is now "New Velasco," some miles up the river from where the old town was. And the town of Freeport. The steamboat traffic naturally went with the collapse of the old plantations. The steamboat traffic lasted until some years after the war, and as these old plantations ceased to produce as formerly, there was no demand for such service. There was one that came up Oyster Creek as far as the Retrieve Plantation during the life time of Maj. Jackson, to take the crops off the plantations of Lake Jackson and Retrieve, and there is a place on the Retrieve Plantation on Oyster Creek known as "Steamboat Landing" to this day.

When my father left for Mexico in 1865 he left his home, the old Compton plantation, about four miles north of my present home, completely stocked and furnished—library, piano, furniture, etc., in care of

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a supposed friend. It was reported back home that we had been murdered in Mexico—it was during the Maximilian era. When we returned in 1866 we had nothing—all gone. So much for "Reconstruction!"

LAKE JACKSON PLANTATION

Just four miles north of Eagle Island, the home of the Whartons, on Oyster Creek, lies Lake Jackson, the plantation home of Maj. Abner Jackson. This was the second plantation he developed after his arrival in Texas, and which he made his home. The first plantation that he developed was the "Retrieve Plantation," four miles up Oyster Creek from Lake Jackson plantation. Maj. Jackson came from South Carolina and opened up the Retrieve Plantation during the years 1839 to 1842. He resided and made one crop on the Trinity River in 1838. He opened up the Lake Jackson Plantation during the period 1842 to 1845. His first home was made of logs from the nearby forest, mostly elm and ash. He soon, however, converted every building, cabins, sugar house and residence, into brick made on the plantation, and stuccoed with cement fully an inch thick, which made all buildings look like they were made from solid rock. The residence was a twelve room two-story house in the shape of an "I," with six galleries, and immense brick pillars the entire length of the galleries. It was cool in summer and warm in winter with its large fire places. Built Colonial style, the residence cost, exclusive of slave labor, over twenty-five thousand dollars when completed. The lake abounded in fish.. There were boats in plenty for the use of the guests and family, and the lake abounded in ducks in winter, and at that time and as late as 1868, plenty of deer, bears and turkeys could be found. The sugar house was built of brick, and the best of machinery for the making of sugar was obtained. There was an artificial island made in the lake, said to have cost \$10,000.00 and is visible to this day. Fine orchards and gardens were on the plantation. Peaches, pears, quince, plums, grapes and strawberries were raised. Brick walks were laid in the orchard and garden. The slaves had use of both orchards and gardens.

When Gen. James Hamilton left Texas, I believe it was in 1857, and went down with the ship off the coast of Florida in a hurricane, he had borrowed from a Mr. Hawkins five thousand dollars, with Maj. Jackson as security. Mr. Hawkins had in the meantime returned to Kentucky, which was his native state. He sent the note to Col. M. S. Munson of Bailey's Prairie, who was then a young attorney, to collect. When Col. Munson received the letter, he placed it on his table. There came a gust of wind and blew it in the fire, it being winter. Col. Munson told me he was never so wrought up in his life. Upon reflection, Col. Munson said there were only two courses open—to pay it himself or see Maj. Jackson and see if he would. So he mounted his horse, went to Lake Jackson, found the Major in the field, and as it was near dinner time, he took dinner without broaching the subject of his visit. So after dinner, he

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told Maj. Jackson his misfortune, and he said he was much relieved when Maj. Jackson said, "Why, Mordella, there is nothing left to be done except that I pay the note." He went to his desk and wrote a check for the full amount, and Col. Munson mailed it to Mr. Hawkins in Kentucky. That was the way men treated each other in "ye olden times."

The old brick mansion erected by Major Jackson on the Retrieve Plantation stood nearly a mile south on the bank of Oyster Creek from where the present buildings are, near a lone oak tree on the east side of the creek. There were brick cabins for the slaves and a large brick oven. All have long since gone to ruin.

A majority of the planters were fairly well educated, and many sent their sons and daughters to good colleges and universities in the older states, and a majority went to northern colleges. Maj. Abner Jackson sent two sons to Norwich University, Vermont, and kept them there four years until they finished; one to Kentucky and one to Georgia. The other son was too young when the Major died, and the war between the States began. His only daughter, Arsenath, he sent to Columbia, Tenn. He said the reason he sent his sons to different colleges was that if all were sent to one college, they would want to run the college. Besides, he said, it would give them different views and ideas of life, by being sent to different localities.

Maj. Jackson, up to the beginning of the war between the States, had the finest and highest developed properties in the county, and owned three sugar plantations, seventy thousand acres of land and over three hundred slaves. His stock of cattle branded annually over five thousand calves. He ran the following brands—D3, J. D. and A. J. He died in 1861, leaving a large estate. His wife died in 1858. He had four sons and a daughter. The daughter, Arsenath Jackson, married J. Fulton Groce, the eldest son of Col. Leonard W. Groce of Waller County. The four sons were never married, and all died young. They were all in the Confederate Army. John C. and his brother, Andrew Jackson, were members of the 8th Texas Cavalry. Both being members of John A. Wharton's Company. George W. Jackson served in some command east of the Mississippi. The youngest son, Abner Jackson, a boy of 18 years, served west of the Mississippi, and died in the army and is buried in Arkansas. On the death of his father, John C. Jackson returned home to manage the estate. He made good crops and moved a large amount of sugar and cotton through the blockade, through Sutro & Co., and others at Galveston. When the war closed, there remained of these brothers John C. and Geo. W. Jackson, and their sister, Mrs. J. Fulton Groce. Mrs. Groce, their sister, had four children, two boys and two girls. The boys never married, and are now dead. The two girls married and they each left a daughter. What became of them I do not know, nor whether they are dead or alive. This immense estate disappeared and practically did none of the heirs any good, and is now owned

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by strangers. Desolation reigns supreme and the sighing winds sing a requiem through limbs of trees that now grow amidst its ruins. And under the beautiful Magnolia trees planted there by their mother, Margaret Jackson, is the family grave yard across the lake and almost opposite where the once handsome residence stood. Selected by her as the final resting place for herself and others who had gone before to await the resurrection morn.

I will now relate the story of the tragedy in this family, so as to forever set at rest the garbled versions of the affair that are being circulated by those who are not familiar with the causes leading up to it, and did not even know the brothers. I will state that my father was their half-brother, making me a nephew. I am the only living person who saw the killing and who is familiar with the events that led up to it. The killing of John C. Jackson by his brother, George W., occurred December 8th, 1868, at Lake Jackson. When the war closed in 1865, my father went to Mexico and remained a year. George W. went with him and returned after a few months to Brazoria County. He was in feeble health, made so by his army life, and when he came to Sandy Point where his brother, John C. had a store and lived on the Chebang Plantation near there in 1866, John being the administrator of his father's estate, George applied to John for funds so he could live, he being penniless and just out of the army.. The salutation he received from his brother John was to be knocked down with the loaded end of a quirt and quirted in public at Sandy Point. George took this, but ever after it wrangled in his bosom, and he avoided his brother John. In 1867 he applied to the court for his portion of his father's property. The court set aside the Lake Jackson Plantation of 6,700 acres of land, the A. J. stock of cattle and 150 head of horses and mules as George's portion of the property. On December 8th, 1868, when the fatal tragedy occurred; John rode from the Darrington Plantation, another one of the plantations belonging to the estate, near Sandy Point, to Lake Jackson. This was the first time the brothers had met since John cowhided George. As they met on the walk leading to the residence, John remarked to George, "My young man, I want you to go to Brazoria today and sign some papers." George said, "John, remember who you are talking to—that you are not talking to a free negro." John said, "If you do not like it, Sir, I will cowhide you." When he made that remark, George shot him six times in the breast. Both were armed. In fact, everyone went armed during those days. It was the days of Reconstruction, and anyone who did not live through those years of murder and pillage can not realize how little of civilization was left. Truly the Southern people were passing under the rod. Think of it, ten years of misrule with no voice in your government, for those connected with the Confederate Government were disfranchised. I can truly say that George never saw a happy day after the tragedy. In 1871 he died of tuberculosis in a hospital at Galveston, about two and a half years

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after the death of John. Thus ended the Jackson family in Texas, and the immense estate passed into the hands of strangers. George Jackson was indicted for the offense, but the case was postponed from time to time and never came up for trial. Under the terms of Maj. Jackson's will his son John had been disinherited, but the will disappeared and was never probated.

THE RETRIEVE PLANTATION.

This plantation lies about four miles north of Lake Jackson, the first plantation opened up and developed by Maj. Abner Jackson. This was one of the finest plantations in the county. All the improvements were of brick. A two-story brick residence, brick cabins, a large brick sugar house with double-set of kettles, a large brick oven to cook for the slaves. It was indeed a well equipped plantation. After it was fully equipped as a plantation, Maj. Abner Jackson sold a half-interest to Gen. James Hamilton of South Carolina. They had formerly been associated together in business in South Carolina. This was the permanent home ever after of the Hamiltons as long as they resided in Texas. Gen. Hamilton was of an old Huguenot South Carolina family. On the appointment of General Rusk as Secretary of War, and the command of the army falling upon General Felix Huston, a joint resolution of the Congress of Texas invited General Hamilton to become a Texan and commander-in-chief of the army. He became a Texan, but declined the honor of commanding the army. Hamilton had been a gallant soldier in the war of 1812-15, had been Governor of South Carolina and United States Senator from that state. In the Senate of South Carolina early in 1836, when George McDuffie, to the regret of his friends throughout the Union, had denounced the Texas revolution in terms showing his ignorance of the issues involved, General Hamilton introduced counter resolutions and by one of the most eloquent speeches ever delivered in America, carried them almost unanimously. General Hamilton performed distinguished services for Texas. He was appointed Commissioner to England, France, Holland and Belgium to secure a loan of five million dollars. In this he was unsuccessful, but on his return to Europe, he secured the acknowledgment of Texas Independence by Great Britain, France and Belgium. This was really more important than the loan. General Hamilton made a visit to the Wharton Plantation just before his last trip to South Carolina. Not knowing the best road to take, there were two leading from the Lake Jackson Plantation, he called at Maj. Abner Jackson's, who sent a negro along as a guide. General Hamilton was riding ahead, and the road forked on the prairie, one going through the bottom and the other through the prairie. The negro failed to note which fork the General took, and he went one road while the General took the other. When the negro arrived at the Wharton residence, he went in to see whether the General had arrived. On looking, he saw the General in the parlor talking to Mrs. Wharton. The negro bowed and said, "I see, Marse

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General, you is here." The General arose. He, too, made a stately bow and said, "Yes, and no thanks to you, Sir." The General started for South Carolina, I believe, in 1857, and while off the coast of Florida his vessel was wrecked and sunk by one of those terrible hurricanes. When all had put on their life belts, there was one lady on board who had none. General Hamilton immediately gave her his and went down with the ship. Such was the end of that gallant, courtly gentleman. All his life was practically given for the betterment of humanity. You could tell his slaves by their politeness and courtly manners. He left a son, T. Lynch Hamilton, who possessed many of the attributes of the noble father. And T. Lynch Hamilton had a son, John Hamilton, who, if not dead now, resides at Avery Island, Louisiana. Maj. T. Lynch Hamilton resided on the Retrieve Plantation many years, and like many others, lost his plantation home during the era of deflation and inflation and corruption that followed the war. John Hamilton, the last of the family, never married. He was a distinguished Confederate soldier, and served the four years of the war. He was an officer in the United States Navy before the war between the States, and ran his ship into a United States port and turned her over to the Federal Government like many other Southerners did. Came South and joined the army. He is now an aged man, and with his passing, it will end the Hamilton family of South Carolina and Texas. I know of no near relatives elsewhere. I knew Maj. T. Lynch Hamilton and his son, John, well, and they were of the finest type of Southern gentlemen.

BAILEY'S PRAIRIE.

On Bailey's Prairie there lived a family by name of Hinds, several of whom fought in the Battle of Velasco, and one was killed there. They have disappeared, and I do not know where their descendants are. I suppose scattered throughout the State.

The Scoby family is an old family—were here prior to 1836, and resided near Scoby Lake which is named for them. There is only one descendant of the family that I know, a great granddaughter, Mrs. S. A. Meyer, now a resident of Chenango, Texas.

A Dr. Collins and a Bill Bradley resided on Bailey's Prairie in an early day. They were both very ugly men. Dr. Collins was a man full of humor, and was not ashamed of his ugliness. He met Bradley one day on his journey to Brazoria and halted him, saying, "My name is Collins, Dr. Collins, what is your name?" Bradley replied, "My name, Sir, is Bradley—Bill Bradley." Dr. Collins said, "Mr. Bradley, I have a present for you," and placed his hand in his pocket and drew forth a knife and presented it to Bradley, saying "It was presented to me as being the ugliest man, and stipulated that should I ever meet an uglier man than myself, I must present him with the knife, and Mr. Bradley, you are that man, and I herewith present it to you." Dr. Collins said Bradley took

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the knife, opened it and chased him half way across the prairie. In after years Dr. Collins moved to Tuxpan, Mexico, and died there. None of his or Bradley's family are residents here now, and their property has long ago passed into hands of strangers.

J. Brit. Bailey, who was granted a league of land here, lived on Bailey's Prairie for whom the prairie was named. He was a veteran of the Battle of Velasco and was somewhat of a noted and eccentric character. It is said when he would go to the town of Brazoria and if a fight was taking place, which was frequently the case, he would take part saying, "Free fight, boys," and join in the melee. It must be remembered that Brazoria was quite a town at one time, having about five thousand population, a mayor and a marshal, and trade with Mexico. And while it had some of the finest people in the world, it also had some of the other kind. One day Bailey was going into Brazoria and met one of the Austins. He said to Austin, "Prepare to fight." At it they went until Bailey said, "That would do," and rode on. He also had quite a pretty daughter and the young men, of course, would call on her. On returning from Brazoria one afternoon, he found one of the Austins at his house, who was visiting his daughter. On entering the house, he got his rifle and told Austin he must dance, which he did but in due time Austin danced around until he came near the rifle, when he picked it up and said, "Mr. Bailey, it is now your time to dance," which he did. It is needless to say Bailey was a hard drinker. He finally died, and by his request he was buried standing with his rifle by his side and his powder horn on his shoulder and his lead bullets ready to load, with a jug of whiskey at his feet, facing West. He said he had been going West all his life, and when he awakened he wished to continue. What became of his family I do not know. There are none left here, and strangers now own the league that was granted to him.

THE OLD JONES PLANTATION.

The next plantation is the old Jones Plantation. It was located near Oyster Creek Station on the Columbia Tap Railway. It belonged to one called Judge Jones, who it is said had killed as many as twenty-seven men during his life. He was a very peculiar man. In 1849 he went to California during the gold excitement. While there he was in a number of difficulties. He lived until after the war between the States, and after the freeing of the negroes, was always in difficulties with the Federal authorities. The plantation finally passed into possession of Maj. Dewey, who developed it into a sugar plantation and made refined white sugar on the plantation as long as he owned it. He finally died, and the plantation passed into other hands. In the run of years the improvements went to decay and it ceased being operated as a sugar plantation. Mrs. Tom Stratton, a resident of this county, is a daughter of Maj. Dewey. It is now owned by strangers, and very little of the place is now being worked.

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During the days of Reconstruction, Judge Jones had the misfortune to kill a negro. He was arrested by the Federal authorities and placed in jail in Houston. After lying in jail awhile, he sent for a man who had influence with the Negro Bureau Agent to see what could be done to get him out of jail. The go-between wanted ten thousand dollars. It was finally agreed that Judge Jones was to pay three thousand dollars cash and give his note for the balance, seven thousand dollars. Judge Jones sent for Wm. D. Cleveland, the father of the two brothers now composing the firm of that name, who paid the three thousand dollars for the Judge. He never paid the note, neither did the parties try to collect. Once when in Houston, Judge Jones tried to get the Negro Bureau Agent in a saloon to drink with him. The saloon was at Congress Avenue and Main Street. A number of Brazorians were there who knew Judge Jones, and asked why he wanted the agent to drink with him. Judge Jones replied that if he had ever gotten him in the saloon he intended to kill him. With the judge's death the affair ended.

VAN PLANTATION

The next plantation was known as the Van Plantation. It was formerly owned by Judge Townes, and was developed as a sugar plantation. There was a brick sugar house and other fairly good improvements necessary for the operation of a sugar plantation, but now there is not a vestige of anything that would indicate that it was once a well developed sugar plantation. The Townes family went to Austin, and there should be descendants still of this well known and esteemed family. I believe Jno. C. Townes, the eminent Houston lawyer, is a descendant. The property is now owned by strangers, and very little of it is worked.

WAVERLY PLANTATION

The next plantation was known as Waverly Plantation, which was the plantation home of the original owner, a Mr. Kennedy, who was from South Carolina. He developed a fine cotton plantation. It is now operated by the Penitentiary System and forms one of the many plantations known as the "Ramsey Prison Farm." Walter Kennedy of this county, and Judge William Kennedy of Jones County, are the only children of the elder Kennedy alive. Walter Kennedy was a distinguished Confederate soldier, being a sharp shooter of "Longstreet Corps," Army of Northern Virginia. He served the entire war. None of the heirs own any part of the old plantation.

DRAYTON, QUARL'S AND PALO ALTO PLANTATIONS

The next plantations north of the Waverly Plantation are the Drayton, Quarl's and Palo Alto Plantations, all now part of the "Ramsey State Farm." They were cotton plantations. None of the descendants of the

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former owners are living here now or own any part of their former holdings. The Quarls family, I believe, moved to Houston. Whether any of their descendants are living, I know not. The Palo Alto Plantation formerly belonged to the borthers, Robert and D. G. Mills. The Drayton Plantation belonged to a Dr. Drayton, of the famous Drayton family of South Carolina. Dr. Drayton went to Tuxpan, Mexico, at the close of the war between the states, and a few years later died. Thus ended the life of a member of one of South Carolina's proudest and most distinguished families. The name of Drayton in South Carolina goes back to Colonial days. The writer was born on this plantation in 1858.

SMITH PLANTATION

The next plantation up Oyster Creek is the Smith Plantation, opened up by George Smith, who came from the "Old Dominion" Westmoreland County, Virginia. There was a brother, Dr. Wm. R. Smith of Galveston. Dr. Wm. R. Smith became a very wealthy man, owned a large amount of land. He never married, and at his death he left his estate to the family of his brother. Among the valuable tracts of land that he owned is what is now known as Sour Lake Oil Field, as well as the town by that name. The Smith plantation on Oyster Creek was developed as a sugar plantation, with the usual improvements. George Smith reared a family of cultured boys and girls. They are practically all dead, and their descendants are scattered elsewhere. Some reside in Scotland. Not one of the descendants own any part of the old home. It now forms a part of the Ramsey Prison Farm, and is worked by the Penitentiary System. All the improvements have long since disappeared and it is now one wide expanse of cultivated field, mostly in corn and cotton.

COFFEE PLANTATION

The next most noted plantation is the old Coffee Plantation, about two miles up the creek from the Smith Plantation. It was opened up by Gen. Coffee in an early day. General Coffee was an associate of General Andrew Jackson, and served with "Old Hickory" in the war with the Creek Indians and at New Orleans in 1815. It was a very large plantation, and was both a cotton and sugar plantation. He owned many thousand head of cattle. This plantation was divided among the heirs, slaves also with other property, and made four plantations—two sugar and two cotton plantations. It was indeed a happy community. The Kennedys, Draytons, Calhouns and Desels from South Carolina, the Tankersleys from Alabama, the Smiths from Virginia, and old General Coffee's family, who intermarried with the Smith family, and Col. Kyle, who was a partner of Col. B. F. Terry, the original commander of the 8th Texas Cavalry, better known as Terry's Texas Rangers. And when the tocsin of war sounded, each one of their families furnished sons to the Confederate armies.

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Many never returned—filled soldier's graves. All are now dead, with the exception of Walter Kennedy, and he is an aged man. None of them own any part of their former plantation homes, and the once famous Coffee Plantation is a ruin. A few acres are being worked here and there, and generally owned by strangers. Mrs. B. Lochridge, a niece of Harrison Tankersley, owns two hundred acres of the Tankersley Place, formerly a part of the old Coffee Plantation. Among the descendants of the Desels is C. L. Desel, a prominent merchant of Houston.

THE CHENANGO PLANTATION

The Chenango Plantation lies three miles north of Anchor, a station on the Columbia Tap Railroad, a branch of the I. & G. N. System. The plantation is over a hundred years old, and was opened up and developed as a sugar plantation by Monroe Edwards, who came from New York. It was fitted up with the usual buildings necessary for a well equipped sugar plantation. The sugar house was of brick, and had a double set of kettles. When Monroe Edwards came from New York he first went to New Orleans, Louisiana, and became acquainted with a Mr. Dart, who was one of the most prominent merchants of that city. He induced Mr. Dart to form a partnership with him and embark in the business of farming in the Republic of Texas. They formed a partnership, and Dart put up the major portion of the capital. After a term of years they were to divide their property in Texas, and in the meantime Edwards was to manage the same. When arrangements were completed Edwards came to Texas, purchased the land on what is now known as the Chenango Plantation, also the land on what is now known as the "Old Gaines Plantation" on the San Bernard river. He then went to Cuba and purchased a lot of negroes, lately from Africa. They all had their tribal marks. Edwards was a well educated man, of pleasant address, always went neatly dressed and well mounted. His saddle and bridle were trimmed with silver, and he wore silver spurs. He was kind and generous to his slaves, and they all thought kindly of him, and thought there was no one his equal. Up to a few years ago, there was some of them still living, and to the last they revered his memory. It was remarkable how firmly attached these simple people became to a good Master, and how obedient and docile they were under proper care and management. And the African was always a better worker than the negro born in America. After the time limit was up between Dart and Edwards, Dart came out to divide their properties in accordance with their agreement. Edwards denied Dart had any rights. They went to law. Edwards produced a bill of sale to the property signed by Dart. Dart made oath that it was his signature but denied that he had ever sold the property to Edwards. It finally came out in the trial and was proven that Edwards had erased the body of a letter written him by Dart, through some chemical process, and had written the bill of sale or deed to the property over Dart's signature. When the matter was finally settled, the law-

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yers got the bulk of the property, there being but little left for Dart or Edwards. Edwards was an expert penman and draughtsman. After the settlement of the litigation, Edwards went to Europe, and it is said that he was up to that time the only successful forger of a Bank of England note. He forged these to the extent of a half million dollars, and they were so close on his trail that he came back to New York City and while there forged a draft on a Philadelphia bank, was caught, tried and sentenced to Sing Sing prison, where he died. Thus ended the career of a man who was gifted in many ways and should have devoted his talents to nobler purposes. In after years a son of Dart was clerk of the Federal Court at Galveston. Edwards gave the name "Chenango" to the plantation from a little town by that name in New York, and that town was named for the Chenango Indians, whose habitat was New York State. From that time the plantation passed through many ownerships. Just previous to the war between the states and for several years thereafter, it was owned by the Sharpe family, an old Louisiana family, and finally went into the ownership of Capt. Sharpe, who was captain in Terry's Texas Rangers, 8th Texas Cavalry. It is now practically lying out. Once a beehive of industry, it is mute evidence of how times and conditions have changed. It is now owned by a bank in Houston, and the old plantation will yet prove its worth, for one of the finest oil fields lies beneath its once well tilled acres. Mrs. Harris Masterson, of Houston, is a daughter of Capt. Sharpe.

CHINA GROVE PLANTATION

Five miles north of the Chenango Plantation on the old Columbia Tap Railroad is the China Grove Plantation, noted as the home of Albert Sidney Johnston, a former Commander-in-Chief of the Texas army, and the first place where crude brown sugar was made in Texas. It was fitted up as a sugar plantation. The sugar house was of brick. The residence and negro cabins were built of pine lumber. It was a fairly good plantation residence. There is nothing there now, except some hedges of Cherokee Roses that were set out by Albert Sidney Johnston. General Johnston said the happiest period of his life was when he lived on his Texas plantation home. He planted China trees for shade, hence its name. Johnston's residence stood on the site of the present residence west of the present station of Bonney. After Texas was annexed to the United States, Gen. Johnston again entered the service of the United States Army. He was given command of the Pacific Coast, and remained in the service until Texas withdrew from the Union, when he resigned his commission, and with a number of others came overland to Texas. He was placed in command of the Confederate States Army, in Tennessee, and in the fatal battle of Shiloh, when victory was with his arms, received the wound from which he died. The South did not and could not replace him. His command was given to several officers, but none were found who could fill his place. His death practically opened the way to cut the South in its

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center and gave the North control of the Mississippi. With the Mississippi under the control of the Federal armies, they could exhaust and destroy the South in every direction, and mere attrition could and did exhaust the army of Northern Virginia.

The subsequent owner of China Grove Plantation was Warren D. C. Hall. Hall came to Texas from Florida in an early day, first located and kept a home on Galveston Island until he died. He lived on the west end of the island at the same time that Lafitte, the pirate, lived and had his fort on the east end. They were well acquainted with each other. Hall was Austin's trainer in his duel with Col. John A. Wharton, the San Jacinto veteran. While training Austin, he told him his only chance was to get in the first shot. If he did not, he was a dead man, for he said Wharton is an excellent shot. Austin fired the first bullet, striking Wharton in his right arm just below the elbow. With that the pistol of Wharton fell from his hand. This ended the unfortunate affair. His right arm was always stiff, and he had to learn to write with his left hand.

John A. Wharton died in Houston of dysentery in 1837. W. D. C. Hall, who then owned China Grove Plantation, would come over from his home on Galveston Island and look after the plantation. On one of his trips to China Grove, several Mexicans came into the dining room while Hall was eating breakfast and attempted to kill him, and would have done so had it not been for his body servant, Old Tom, who came to his Master's assistance by using the dining room chairs as clubs. He knocked them down and about until they were glad to get away, before Hall got his gun. I mention this episode to illustrate the attachment between the slave and his Master. Would he have done so if his Master was the brute as pictured by the abolitionists? Never in this world. He would have been only too glad for the Mexicans to have murdered him. After freedom, for Hall lived several years thereafter, Old Tom never left his Master, but remained with him until Hall died. At his death, Hall left Old Tom a good home of a hundred acres on Galveston Island. The China Grove plantation too, is a wreck of its former self, and is gradually growing back to its original jungle state. Its sugar house burned down many years ago, and was never rebuilt. It is now owned by a bank in Houston. In its day and prime it was a very busy place, and well kept, for it had many owners who took pride in it.

DARRINGTON PLANTATION

The next place of note lies about five miles north of China Grove Plantation, and is known as the Darrington Plantation. This was the plantation home of Sterling McNeel, and developed by him into a fine sugar plantation. Its sugar house was built of brick, and had a double set of kettles. The residence was a substantial frame building, also the cabins for the slaves. There were four of these McNeel brothers, J. Greenville, Sterling, Leander and Pleasant McNeel, and a cousin, Pinckney McNeel,

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all from Tennessee. Three of these brothers were in the battle of Velasco and Pleasant and his cousin Pinckney McNeel were in the battle of San Jacinto. All were well to do and had many slaves. In an early day Sterling McNeel was traveling in his carriage through Fort Bend County and applied to a settler there for accommodations for the night. It was pouring down rain and he had a lady with him in his carriage. He told his driver to tell the man of the house the situation and asked him for his hospitality for the night. He was refused. The following winter the same gentleman of Fort Bend County came down to Brazoria County on some business, and it was bitter cold, and he applied to Sterling McNeel for the privilege of staying all night and gave his name. McNeel met him most cordially, had the best of meals prepared, a good warm fire, the best of liquor to drink; his horse well fed and groomed. He had the servant to shine his guest's boots, and in fact spread himself as a generous host. The guest on leaving next morning wanted to know what the charges were for his accommodations. McNeel told him, "Nothing, Sir, except this—that next time a gentleman, especially with a lady, asks accommodations for the night on such a night as he made application, never to turn them off." The roads were in such condition when McNeel made the trip in Fort Bend County that it took him until midnight to travel the distance of five miles to the next house, where he was taken in and cared for, as was the custom in those days, without charge. Upon the death of Sterling McNeel, the handsome property was purchased by Major Abner Jackson, and remained a part of his estate for several years after the war between the States. It is now owned and operated as a part of the prison system of farms, and is one of their finest plantations. The old slave time improvements have long since disappeared. The sugar house, an immense brick structure, was burned many years ago, and it is operated as a cotton plantation mainly.

BINGHAM PLANTATION

A few miles north of the Darrington Plantation on Oyster Creek on the line of Brazoria and Fort Bend Counties is the Bingham Plantation, opened up in an early day by Francis Bingham. The league of land was granted to him, and is the only plantation in Brazoria County that has remained in possession of one family, for nearly a hundred years it has been owned and operated by the Bingham. The first Francis Bingham, to whom it was granted, operated it during his life time. It was then known as the half-way house between Brazoria and Houston, where travelers stopped for the night. Then the son, James P. Bingham operated it as a sugar plantation. He died, and his widow, Mrs. Bettie Bingham, managed it during the days of Reconstruction, the hardest period in the South's existence, and she is still alive and residing on the old plantation at the ripe age of 89 years. Still alert and in possession of all her faculties, Mrs. Bingham is a quite remarkable woman. I have known her all

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my life, and to pass through what she and her neighbors have, and still retain possession of the original heritage, and pass it on to her children, where others failed is indeed a remarkable illustration of what a woman can do; where men failed she succeeded. She was left a widow while still young, and reared a family of three boys and one girl. The daughter, Mrs. W. N. Tigner, died some years ago, leaving a family of five boys, all alive. The sons of Mrs. Bettie Bingham are Joe, John C. and George H. Bingham, all living, and near the old home. John C., who now manages the old plantation, and mother, live together. The sister of James P. Bingham married Col. B. F. Terry, who was the original owner of the plantation in Fort Bend, now known as Sugarland, and was the organizer of the 8th Texas Cavalry, better known as Terry's Texas Rangers. Mrs. Bettie Bingham was always a strict member of the Methodist church, a good Christian woman, beloved by all who knew her, and with her passing, will end about the last of the old time slave owners, who knew the South and Brazoria County when in its pristine glory.

The amusements among the plantation owners were balls, dances and parties, fish fries, barbecues, 4th of July orations, horse racing, of which they were fond, and the chase. Each plantation had its pack of hounds. Among the negroes, at the end of sugar rolling, which means at the close of the harvest time, there would as a rule, be a big dinner given and a ball to the slaves. Often as the evening shadows would settle over the plantation, have I heard the negroes sing their plantation melodies, and they were such as could be sung only by the plantation negro. If there were visitors, all would be silent listening to the song as it came through the stillness of the night. During sugar rolling, as they would feed the carrier with cane, they would sing: "Cane on the carrier boys, ho-ho-ho."

The plow hands in the field would have their songs, also the hoe hands, and as the evening twilight would gather over the surrounding field, one could hear each gang open up in clear distinct sound their evening song as the day's work was finished. And in their cabins before retiring for the night, you could hear the melody as it floated on the breeze. Then tell me these people were not happy and contented, and that their Masters were cruel and that there were not attachments between them? It is only those who were reared with them on the old plantations who can possibly realize that deep attachment, and to prove it, during the entire period of the war there was not a crime committed by a slave against the family of his master. He not only was true to his trust, but he did more than that—he provided food and raiment for the Confederate soldier, when he knew that if the South was successful, slavery would still be his condition. Some day I hope to see the South erect a monument to the memory of the Faithful Slave. What a theme for a sculptor! What artist could do it justice? The negro could have ended the war between the States in 30 days.

During the 1837 "panic," cotton was piled on the banks of the Brazos

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at Brazoria for nearly a mile, with no sale. Times were very tight, and but few could pay their taxes. At about the same time at Damon's Mound, you could buy a mule for a plug and a half of tobacco. A cow pony on the prairie unbroke was worth one plug of tobacco.

Along in the 40's sometime steamboats would ply up and down the Brazos as far as old Washington. John Adriance, an old settler and merchant at Columbia during the days of the Republic, told me he bought tobacco raised in Washington County, shipped it down the Brazos to Columbia, and had it made into cigars. He would have the boxes labeled as Havana cigars, and they were sold in New York City as such, and no one could tell the difference. In slave times, many of the old planters made their cigars and chewing tobacco on the plantation for themselves and slaves.

The planters generally were members of the Protestant churches, yet where there were members of the Catholic Church and they were unable to build, they would assist them in building a Catholic Church. I have known a Protestant planter to pay for an organ himself and give it to the Catholic church, the organ costing a thousand dollars. As a rule, they were regular attendants at church. If in the country they would go horseback, in buggies and carriages, and have a dinner picnic fashion in the grove of timber near the church. And it would be a dinner, for each good wife would vie with the other in having something good to eat. And there were always seats reserved and set aside for the negro slaves that attended their Mistress and Master on these occasions.

Before the war the roads between the several plantations were made and worked by the planters, whose plantations joined. For instance, the old road on the east side of the Brazos, from Velasco to Brazoria, was worked and bridges built by the slaves on the Herndon, Wharton and Jackson plantations, and kept in good condition. Much of these roads would be ditched and corduroyed.

A great deal of cotton was run through the blockade at Galveston by several different firms. Sutro & Company was one I can recall. Also it was hauled overland to Mexico and sold to British agents, and it fetched a dollar a pound, but finally the blockade became so strong it could not be shipped out of any of our Gulf ports, but it continued to go overland to Mexico to the close of the war. In early days, the larger planters dealt direct with New Orleans and New York. But after Galveston was established as a port, a great deal of business went there. Houston's entry into the trade with Brazoria County started since the war.

Our local railroad, known as the Columbia Tap, was built in 1858 by the planters of Brazoria County, but after the war was sold and passed into possession of the I. & G. N., now absorbed by the Missouri Pacific. Immediately after the war, the locomotion was oxen. The engine being worn out and none could be gotten during the war. It took all the week to make a round trip from Columbia to Houston. Those who patronized

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it always went with an immense basket of food—enough to last to Houston. It was a mixed train, passenger and freight. After it was taken over by the I. & G. N. they, of course, soon furnished an engine. Until recent times, the passengers would hunt and pick berries along the road and the train would wait for them. One of the conductors was named "Bonney," and the porter was a negro named "Henderson," and it was soon known among its Brazoria County patrons as the Bonney and Henderson train.

In 1833 the colonists were introduced to the first great flood in the Brazos. In those days there was no telegraph, telephone or radio, to warn the settlers of the approaching waters and dangers. It is said it went into Buffalo Bayou through some gullies north of what is now Arcola. The whole east side of Brazoria County was one vast sheet of water. West of the Brazos it reached the grove of live oaks where the first Congress of Texas assembled. It did a vast amount of damage. The planters and their negroes built rafts out of logs cut in the bottom, lived on their rafts and kept what they could of a perishable nature on them. It must be remembered that there were many high places over the land, where stock could be gathered and kept without drowning. And it is the case now for we have had some recent floods equally as bad. For instance, 1899 and 1913. Unfortunately, the coast of Texas, like the coast of Florida, is afflicted with these terrible tropical hurricanes, that leave death and destruction in their wake. One of these occurred about 1817 or 1818, just before the pirate Lafitte left Galveston Island. I will give the tale as related by one of Lafitte's men named Schneider, who, after the disaster, located at what is now locally known as Schneider's Crossing on Chocolate Bayou. He said the Gulf waters came over Galveston Island more than twenty feet deep and came inland for a distance of twelve miles; that it destroyed Lafitte's fort and all his ships, and many of his men were drowned; that the Caronkaway tribe of Indians were summering at the last point of timber on the Brazos, about where New Velasco now is; that the tidal waters took the last one of them to sea, and that was what went with that tribe—all drowned in one of the most terrible hurricanes that ever visited our coast. He said the Trespalcios Indians were hunting and had their camp on what is now known as Buckner's Prairie in Matagorda County. They had to climb trees to get out of the Gulf waters, and thereby saved themselves. Buckner's Prairie and Bailey's Prairie, this county, are about the same distance from the Gulf. In none of our recent hurricanes have the Gulf waters come so far inland.

CHAPTER III.

I have selected the several plantations named in this narrative because they were the best developed by and belonged to the wealthier owners who were perhaps the more prominent. I have not referred to the other

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portion of the population, such as merchants, lawyers and others who helped make history in the period under consideration, because it would have made the story too long. Besides we are undertaking to tell the story of the plantation and slave system, and are not undertaking to write a general history of that period. And to know why such universal desolation now prevails over this once prosperous and happy land, it becomes necessary to go into the consideration of quite different phases. From the experiences of the past, lessons of importance for the future may often be learned.

Less than fifty years after the battle of San Jacinto (April 21, 1836) whereby the possession of what is now a large part of the Continental United States passed from the Latin to the Anglo-Saxon or Nordic race, these once well developed plantations, the homes of a highly refined and cultured people, were in ruins, and the ownership had passed mostly into the hands of strangers, and are so to this day. Now, there must have been some general cause that brought this about, otherwise it would not have been so universal. A people that could build such a civilization while in an intermittent struggle with Mexico, and a constant struggle with a wilderness, for ten years, surely were qualified to carry on. It was not the vicissitude of climate, for in addition to the struggle with Mexico, they had passed through the hurricanes of 1837 and 1854, and the overflows of the Brazos in 1833 and 1854.

The cause was the war between the states and the even greater evils following in its wake. When the negro was freed, he thought freedom meant he need not work any more, and with this thought, began the era that tried men's souls. And it was well for the negro that the former master possessed the attachment he did for his former slave, otherwise there would have been an appalling disaster to the negro, that was happily averted by the Confederate soldier, his former master.

Reconstruction was more destructive to the Southern planter than the four years of war. It was the war and the inflation and deflation and adverse legislation, after the war, and the constant migration of the negro to the towns—all combined—that brought economic ruin to the Southern planter.

The destruction wrought by Sheridan's troops in the Shenandoah Valley, Sherman's army in Georgia in its "March to the Sea," and by Banks' army in Louisiana, is a story of ruin, misery and woe, which, with similar acts elsewhere, along with Reconstruction, helped to produce industrial prostration in the South for a generation.

I will now give a description of a plantation, one of thousands, that greeted the returned Confederate soldier. This was typical wherever a Federal Army passed through. Buildings and fences burned, bridges destroyed, the plantation a forest of tall weeds, and the horses, mules, cattle, sheep, poultry, provisions, wagons, implements of every kind destroyed.

Slavery was only made possible by bringing in ships to this country

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negroes from Africa, and that was done mainly by the ship owners of old England, New England and New York City. They were always large ship owners, and they sent their vessels for slaves and obtained them by theft, by capturing them in the midnight flare of burning villages or by purchase. They were indeed inhuman slave dealers. They sold their slaves to all of the thirteen colonies and later to several of the states.

I make no apology for slavery. It was not originally a Southern institution. Several of the Southern states at a very early period prohibited the importation of slaves. But slavery in the South to the negro was a blessing and not a curse. Slavery to the South was largely a tragic accident and one which the Nation is not yet through with. It was always a National problem and should never have been treated as Sectional, and, with the passing years, this will become more and more apparent. The negro is today a Northern and Southern problem, more so in fact than Slavery was sixty years ago.

As showing the condition of affairs as late as 1873, I was returning home from Tennessee, where I had been at school at Sewanee, the University of the South, and a Brazoria citizen by the name of Hen. Tinsley was also coming home, and was acting as escort to a young lady who also was coming home. At a station in Mississippi on the Great Jackson railroad, the passengers got off for dinner. Tinsley went in with the young lady and drew back a chair for her to be seated, and while doing so, a burly mulatto negro popped himself in the next seat beside her. Tinsley picked up the next chair and broke it over the negro's head and gave him a good beating. He was arrested, and the episode cost his parents one thousand dollars. His father's plantation was above the town of Columbia on the Brazos. And I believe John T. Brady of Houston married Hen. Tinsley's father's sister, Mary A. Tinsley. As a youth, I knew Judge Brady, when he would come to Brazoria as an attorney. I was well acquainted with the Tinsley family. It was an old and respected pioneer family.

The citizens organized in 1866 what is known as the Ku Klux Klan. The first requisite for membership was that one must be an Ex-Confederate soldier. With this organization, they handled the situation and preserved white civilization. It was organized in a few months time, from the Potomac to the Rio Grande, and Gen. N. B. Forrest soon became its head. The Federal Government passed laws making it a penitentiary offense to be a member of the order, and in a period of about ten years, there was only one betrayal of the order, and that was by a Brazoria County man. He was a son of an old Texas veteran. At the time there were Federal troops camped at Brazoria and Sandy Point. He gave the list of membership to the Federal colonel, who thereupon ordered all the members of the Klan to the town of Brazoria, and in his office there he asked them if it was a correct list. The Klan officials told him it was. It meant a Federal prison sentence for each man if the Federal authorities ever got it. The Federal colonel said, "Gentlemen, I see

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that I have the best people of this county in my power. You are good men and true. The government need have no fear of such men as you. I see that you are all Ex-Confederate soldiers, and most of you are Masons. I also am a Mason. Now, I will show you what I will do with this list." With that he threw it in the fire. There was nothing ever said or done about it. I often, when a boy, went to these soldier camps, and they would always invite me to eat with them, which I did. They called me "The Little Confed." What a noble act of the Federal colonel, a former foe, who could have caused untold trouble and suffering. The betrayer left here, and so far as I know, never returned. He was appointed U. S. Marshal at San Antonio. He turned Republican. Some years later he defaulted and was sent to a Federal penitentiary. He came from a prominent pioneer family, and brought disgrace upon an honored name. Such was the reward of one who should have known better than to betray his former comrades in arms and who were then at death's grip to preserve White Supremacy.

It was 1834, I believe, when the first bugle call was made by an English abolitionist in this country. He sought to speak in the Congress of the United States. Jefferson Davis made a speech protesting against foreigners sowing seeds of discord among the American people. He was not permitted to speak in Congress, but he did make many public speeches throughout New England and the North. The seed was sown, and we all know the harvest.

As so often happens with the zealous reformer who travels far afield, the condition of free contract labor in England at that time was immeasurably worse in every important essential than the condition which he undertook to remedy in the South. A great crusade was preached in England against negro slavery in the early years of the 19th century and slave owners in the British Colonies were by law forbidden to work their slaves more than nine hours a day, or six hours for children. But the white citizens of Great Brittan received no such protection. There was a law by which pauper children were taken from their homes, sent from Parish to Parish in England to work in factories, and bought and sold in gangs like slaves. In the mines, too, women and children worked along with the men. Women and girls were harnessed to coal-carts, creeping on all fours through the low roofed galleries of the English coal mines. The English Abolitionist heeded not the ills at home but had to cross the sea to find a field for his talents.

At this same period, the negro children on the plantations of the South were as free as the birds of the air. They played, frolicked, and gamboled in the Turn rows or in the Quarters of the plantation, and many were often companions of the children of their masters. They would roll marbles and hunt the O'possum and coon together, and these childhood attachments were never forgotten in the years of sorrow and tragedy that were soon to follow.

OLD PLANTATIONS *and* THEIR OWNERS

By 1880, fifteen years after the close of the war, the original owners of these plantations, and their heirs, had practically ceased to own them. In those fifteen years, we had nothing that would operate against farming in the way of nature's eruptions. So it was the war and the aftermath of war that caused their ruin. In nearly every term of court, there would be foreclosures, etc. Since the year 1900 we have had a disaster practically every other year, that has accentuated already greivous economic conditions. The great storm (September 8, 1900) was the worst I ever experienced. Out of 85 houses on the plantation in my charge, the next morning there were none habitable—practically all blown into splinters. It swept crops and buildings clean. Ten or twelve thousand lives were lost at Galveston, and the city was in ruins. On July 7th, 1899, a great flood—July 9th, 1909, a hurricane—December 7th, 1913, another flood. With such a record of disasters, it is no wonder much of our land is uncultivated.

When the surviving Confederate Soldier returned to what was once his happy home, he had faith in the terms of his parole that he was not to be molested by the United States Authority, so long as he obeyed the laws of 1861. Inured to hardship incident to a soldier's life, he was indeed qualified to become an industrious and useful citizen. He had stormed fortifications, captured batteries, marched up to the cannon's deadly mouth without tremor, passed days without rest and nights without sleep, subsisted on parched corn, was frost-bitten by cold, burned by a torrid sun, his bare feet had left their prints in blood on the rocks and crimsoned the snow on many a wintry march. He had stopped the marauder in his path, and turned the enemy from his course. He had tempted the ocean in its wrath, and driven off its waters the enemy's commercial sails. All that man dares, he had done, and now in poverty, with unending toil before him, he commenced life anew and went manfully to work with hope for the joy of peace, little thinking of the degradation, insult, humiliation and oppression, he and his family would be subjected to during the coming years. And now, behold him, greater in peace than in war. The freeing of the slaves did, in effect deprive the Southern people of about two thousand millions of dollars (\$2,000,000,000.00) of property, computing four million slaves at five hundred dollars each, and this was prompted by altruistic motives, it may be. The economic loss from confiscating the labor of the slave, great as it was, is but an item in the total loss which the Southern people sustained during the war and Reconstruction.

In 1870 the Fifteenth Ammendment to the Constitution (enfranchising the Negro) was perhaps the utmost limit of legislative folly. At the time, it was regarded in the North as beneficent and wise. It sought to place the Anglo Saxon people in the South under the rule of their former slaves. The result was only harmful to the negro as well as the whites, as everybody now knows. It was the Act that started the race problem. The

of BRAZORIA COUNTY, TEXAS

freed men, left to themselves, would have solved the labor question and their social status and the race problem.

From this act came the crimes committed by the negroes, and frequent lynchings followed as a result. What a change! As a Slave, he was the faithful protector of his Mistress and her family. The child of that slave became the terror of unprotected women. The negro, when introduced into this country, was a stupid animal, speaking a jabbering lingo. He was taught and trained in civilization until he was adjudged, in the North, if free, as being capable of assuming the duties of citizenship. Every blunder possible for a partisan Congress to make, prompted by the zealous fervor of the reformers, who knew nothing of the task in hand, was made that could be made by law.

Near Selma, Alabama, during the war between the States, on one occasion the women and children of a certain neighborhood had gathered for protection at a prominent home. The Confederate General, Forrest, with his cavalry escort happened to pass that way and found about forty Federal soldiers engaged in assaulting the helpless and unprotected. It is recorded that the forty were shot.

I knew a family from Florida who experienced similar frightful treatment at the hands of Federal negro troops in that state.

Under the teaching and training of their owners on the plantations, while slaves, they were converted from fetichism to Christianity, and from cannibalism to gentility of living, and their beastly nature curbed by moral surroundings and force of example. Whence came Christianity among the slaves? It came by teaching. There was no Christianity among the negroes in Africa or elsewhere when left to themselves. On many plantations clergymen were maintained by several neighboring planters to preach the Gospel to their slaves.

It is only repeating history to record that the people of New England were bitterly opposed to and rendered little cooperation in the war with England in 1812-15, not a few advocating secession; likewise the annexation of Texas and our war with Mexico, in 1846 were both denounced in bitter terms; it is also appropriate to note that the strongest support Jefferson had in the "Louisiana Purchase" was from the old South.

At the close of war between the States, the Ex-Confederate soldiers took their stand for Anglo-Saxon civilization and saved the South from the fate of Haiti and the West Indies. Their service in the years succeeding the war was as truly great as those they rendered from 1861 to 1865.

The youngest of those who wore the Gray have crossed the crest of the narrow ridge that divides two great oceans, and already have they cried from the western slope the wide waste of waters which reach beyond the sunset. Not many years shall pass ere the last of those who followed the Confederate banner shall have set sail on that shoreless sea and the last footfall of the tread of the old Confederate regiments, whose march shook a continent, shall be echoing in eternity. The rosy morn

OLD PLANTATIONS *and* THEIR OWNERS of BRAZORIA COUNTY, TEXAS

announces first to them that the night is gone, and when the day is past and the landscape veiled with evening's shade, high on the mountain top the last ray of the setting sun lovingly lingers longest loathe to leave the lonely place where the bright eyed children of the Confederacy rest in death.

"Gone is the old South now. *** It sleeps, the sleep *** its dreams are dead. Commingling with the dust of golden hearts. Its perfume haunts us like a lingering hint of summer's withered garden. *** We'll hide its crumbling ruins with ivy green, around our hearts will twine, till life is done. Its glorious recollections *** Good-bye, old South, Good-bye."

"I feel like one who treads alone,
Some banquet hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled, whose garlands dead,
And all but me departed."

CHAPTER IV.

What of the New South?

It has been said, and not without historical authority, that the builders of this nation have been largely the descendants of the Puritans, of Massachusetts, the Cavaliers of Virginia, and the Huguenots, of the Carolinas.

Already signs are everywhere unmistakably indicating the approaching dawn of a New South and the descendants of those who made the Old South will make a New South the greatest and the best industrial area in this Nation, which is already the best Country in which to live humanity has ever known.

May the New South carry human achievement to the farthest point mankind has ever known. To do so, she must ever observe the principles and ideals of the Old South, upon which our country is founded, and the observance and preservation of which, including the worship of God and the purity and supremacy of the Anglo-Saxon strain, are essential.

And the time will come when the rich and fertile creek and river bottom lands of old Brazoria county will again be famous for the production of cane and cotton.

Steamboats on the Brazos

by

T. L. Smith, Jr.

Houston, Texas

1958

TRAVIS L. SMITH, JR.

Son of Travis L. Smith who owned seven of those boats listed.

P. O. Box ~~1343~~, Houston, Texas

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STEAMBOATS ON THE BRAZOS

By T. L. SMITH, JR.

Beginning with the year 1830 and coming down to date, some fifty steamboats have navigated the Brazos River, but the names of only thirty-nine of them have been definitely established.

1. THE OLD COLUMBIA — 1830: It was said by one writer that she was the first steamer to travel from New Orleans to Galveston, but another report says that the OLD COLUMBIA plied up to Washington in 1830 before she was wrecked on a sand bar.

2. THE SABINE — 1832: She ran the Mexican blockade at Velasco.

3. THE CAYUGA — 1835: This boat was a side wheeler, was built at Harrisburg in 1835, and history records that it was used to ferry the occupants of Harrisburg to Anahuac in April of 1836, ahead of Santa Anna's army. A short time later it was used for a few days by President Burnet and his cabinet as headquarters in Galveston; and it later carried the officials to Columbia.

4. THE YELLOWSTONE — 1836: The first record I find of the YELLOWSTONE was when it ferried Sam Houston's army across the Brazos River at Groce's plantation (near Hempstead) just in time to escape Santa Anna's army. When the last of Houston's army had crossed General Houston ordered the YELLOWSTONE to retreat down the river in a hurry to avoid capture. This she did, and the next mention we find of this boat was December 28, 1836, when the body of Steven F. Austin was carried from Columbia to Perry's landing for burial. For several days, the first week in May, 1836, she was used by President Burnet and his cabinet as the temporary Capitol of the Republic.

5. THE MUSTANG — 1840: This boat made a trial run up as far as Port Sullivan near Cameron, and was reported to have ascended Little River for several miles, but this was later denied by some Historians. She was a sister ship to the SAM HOUSTON.

6. SAM HOUSTON — 1840: She was a large stern wheeler, and was the sister ship to the MUSTANG.

7. THE BRAZOS — 1842: After the successful travel of the MUSTANG as far as Old Washington, the citizens up there were very enthusiastic, and they sent a Mr. Butler of Galveston to Pittsburgh and had the BRAZOS, and its sister ship, THE WASHINGTON, built and put into service in April, 1842. They made numerous trips as far up as Old Washington, hauling cotton, sugar, and other farm products, to Galveston. The last mention of the BRAZOS was in September, 1851, when it stated that she was laid up at Lynchburg.

8. THE WASHINGTON — 1842: Numerous mentions were made in the Galveston and Houston newspapers about the trips the BRAZOS and the WASHINGTON made between 1842 and 1852, and one account states that the two boats brought down 1200 bales of cotton.

In the winter of 1850 and 1851 Captain Basil M. Hatfield, for a bonus of \$500.00, ascended Little River to a point near where the highway from Milano to Cameron crosses, at which point a monument was erected, and on it was

STEAMBOATS ON THE BRAZOS

written: "*The Steamboat WASHINGTON landed here and it was the first, last and only boat to ascend Little River.*"

The last report on the WASHINGTON was December 5, 1851, which stated that she was still on land at Cuney's plantation, and that a canal was being dug around. One report said that Captain Hatfield and his crew remained on the WASHINGTON for more than a year, and they amused themselves by clearing forty acres of land and raising a crop of corn.

9. BENJAMIN MILAM — 1848: The only mention of the BENJAMIN MILAM was on December 9, 1848 when she brought goods from the wreck of the ship LOUISA ANTONETT to Columbia.

10. LADY BYRON — 1849: The *Houston Democrat*, February 8, 1849, said: "She sank on the Brazos."

11. THE ELITE — 1850: The only reference to the ELITE was that she sank on the Brazos.

12. THE GAVESTON — 1850: This boat made several trips on the Brazos.

13. THE CAMDEN — 1852: The only mention found was that she was sunk by a snag fifteen miles below San Felipe, which report was in the *Houston Democrat* on April 16, 1852.

14. SAM WILLIAMS — 1853: She was spoken of as a very large boat able to take trips through the Gulf, and it was recorded that she made one trip to Old Washington in 1849. Several of the smaller boats were unable to make the trip through the Gulf from Velasco to Galveston, and their load was frequently transferred at Velasco to the SAM WILLIAMS, which evidently was a side wheeler, as the stern wheelers were unable to make the trips because the paddle wheel at the back end would be raised out of the water by the waves.

15. THE MAGNOLIA — 1853: This boat carried a load of cotton from Warren's ferry near Chappel Hill to Velasco.

16. W. B. TRAVIS — 1855: The only mention we found of this boat was taken from an old bill-of-lading now at the Museum in Old Washington, dated "New York, Nov. 7, 1855," which showed goods delivered to the ship, W. B. TRAVIS, Captain ——— Smith, Master. The writer remembers in his early boyhood of seeing the remains of an old boat sunk between Columbia and Brazoria, which was said to be the TRAVIS.

17. THE J. H. BELL — 1858: The only mention of this boat was in one of the papers dated February 9, 1858, which stated that two of her deck hands were drowned at Velasco.

18. I. H. WHITELAW — 1868: Information was taken from a bill-of-lading showing delivery of freight to B. F. Rucker at Old Washington, September 22, 1868.

19. KATE ROSS: Named for the sister of Gov. L. S. Ross, later president of the A. & M. College. She made numerous trips to the Lower Brazos. While in Waco, dances were enjoyed aboard, and she seemed to have been a kind of social center.

STEAMBOATS ON THE BRAZOS

20. JOHN SCOTT — 1871: Captain Seth Stafford, the owner, made regular trips from Galveston to Columbia, and on one trip he met, and later married Nannie Brooks, the daughter of a prominent merchant, John W. Brooks.

LAURA — (): This boat operated on the Brazos and other Texas rivers until about 1870.

21. THE VICKSBURG — 1875: This boat was brought from Trinity river by Captain William Jenkins, who built a home and lived in the Town of Columbia until his death. He also brought the WHITE WATER from the Trinity river.

22. THE WHITE WATER — 1880 - 1895: She was a slow moving, stern wheeler, built especially for hauling cotton, and for many years she made one round trip weekly from Columbia to Galveston. About 1892 she was converted and used as a house boat for quarters of a crew operating dredge boats digging a channel across Galveston Bay.

23. CHRISTIE — 1892: This boat was a small propeller drive passenger boat.

24. JUSTINE — 1893: A small passenger boat somewhat larger than the CHRISTIE, she and the CHRISTIE both were run on the lower Brazos.

25. EMILY P. — 1884 - 1893: A small stern wheeler named for Emily Peveto, daughter of a former owner who built the boat at Orange, Texas, was too slow for passengers, and too small for freight. She, therefore, was converted into one of the first suction dredges on the Gulf Coast, and used for dredging a channel across Galveston Bay.

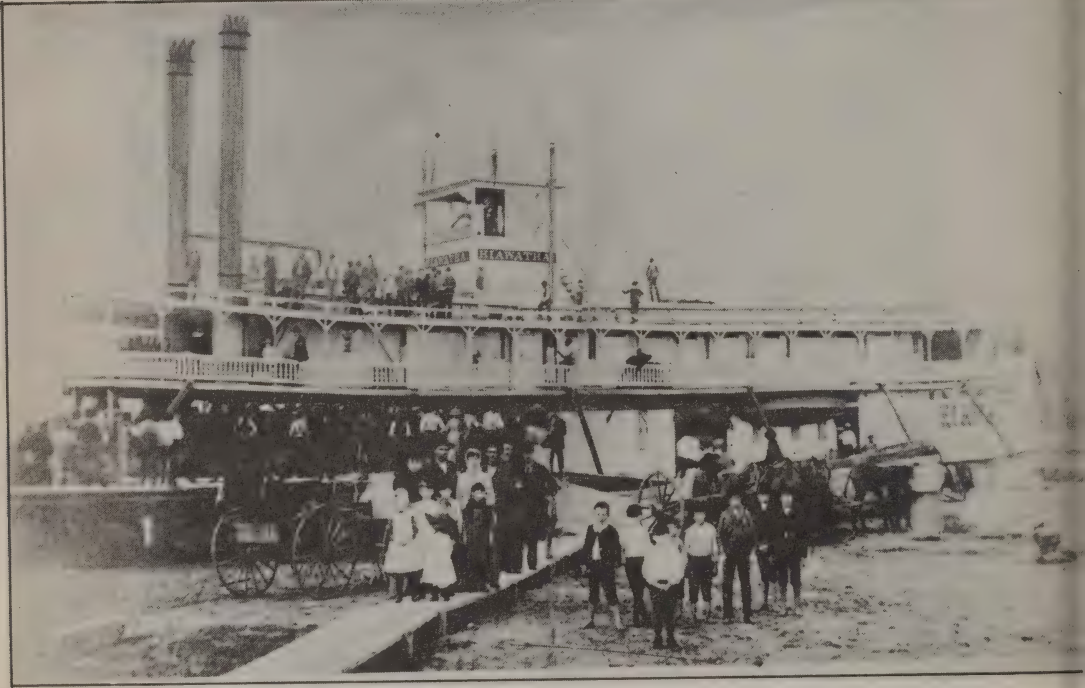
26. ALICE BLAIR — 1892 - 1895: This boat was brought from the Mississippi River by Captain Perry, and entered the passenger traffic from Columbia to Velasco during the boom of 1892. She was larger and faster than the WHITE WATER, and after a few trips was sold to the Columbia Transportation Company, of which T. L. Smith was the head, and principal owner.

27. PUFFIN BILLY — 1892 - 1895: She was a small steam tow boat used as a dredge tender.

28. THE HIAWATHA — 1892 - 1895: The Hiawatha was by far the fastest and most beautiful stern-wheeler ever brought to Texas. She was built at Marietta, Ohio in 1890 for the Parkersburg-Zanesville trade, by Dana Scott and George Wallace, but was sold while brand new to St. Louis operators who ran her in the wheat trade to Harrisonville, for a time. In 1892 she was sold to the Columbia Transportation Co. and was engaged in carrying passengers from Columbia down the Brazos River to Velasco, which was on a terrific boom, and some 100 to 150 passengers daily were transported, many of them from other States, who come to buy lots at the Town which, for a time, rivaled Galveston as a deep water port. However, the boom lasted but a year or two and work on the jetties and other improvements at the mouth of the Brazos were discontinued because of the failure of the Chicago Bank which was financing the enterprise. However, a short railroad connecting with the I&GN at Anchor was built to Velasco, thus giving rail transportation from Houston

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to Velasco and, of course, this eliminated travel by boats. And as the boll-weevil had destroyed the growing of cotton in the area, and as this was the only tonnage, and as all other business depended on cotton, the steam boats were idled, and one by one they sank along the bank of the Brazos River at Columbia.



The Hiawatha was 140 feet long, 30 feet wide, and a speed of about 18 miles per hour was attained by the use of two immense steam engines, the cylinders of which were some 9 feet long and 17" in bore. Two tall smoke-stacks, adorned with fancy metal lacework around the tops, and two large whistles which could be heard some 8 or 10 miles, were to be seen extending above the upper deck, and the cabin some 100 feet long and 16 feet wide was adorned with sky lights of almost all colors: red, blue, orange, yellow, green, etc., and the floor of the cabin was carpeted for its entire length. Near the center were two immense dining tables, and at the rear there was a piano. Some 40 state rooms, with upper and lower births, something like a pullman bed, were on the sides, and a kitchen occupied space opposite the dining tables. The meals were abundant, and well cooked.

As long as cotton could be grown successfully, the Hiawatha, and other boats owned by the Columbia Transportation Company, made weekly round trips from Columbia to Galveston, hauling cotton and cotton-seed to Galveston; sometimes the cotton was piled so high on the sides of the boats that only the

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pilot house and smoke stacks could be seen above the cotton. On the return trips a general cargo of groceries, dry goods, and everything sold by general country stores, from tacks to coffins, comprised the load. Sides of bacon were packed in large wooden boxes, sugar, flour and crackers were packed in wooden barrels, and all of these were carried from the boat up the bank by the negro deck hands. No elevators or modern machinery had come into use at that time.

The last trip the Hiawatha made before she sank on August 5, 1895, was in the nature of a summer vacation for the owner, T. L. Smith, his family and some 40 of their friends. In those times there were no roads, nor automobiles, to enable the people to spend their summer vacations in Colorado or other cooler climates, and so it was a custom for many of the people to spend the time on the beach along the Gulf of Mexico.

The Brazos River was on a big rise when this last trip was completed, and as the water went down the boat settled on a large live-oak stump which caused her to turn over on her side. The owner used divers to help place heavy chains under the boat and she was raised to a level position, but the boilers had broken loose, torn out great holes in the side of the hull, and as there were no facilities for making repairs, she was permitted to settle back into the muddy waters, and that was the end of the HIAWATHA.

Other boats which operated on the Brazos in the period of 1880 to 1895 were: THE THOMAS; THE L.Q.C. LAMAR; THE COLUMBUS; THE SEMINOLE (a tow boat); THE MOLLIE MOHR (a small tug boat owned by the contractors who built the Velasco jetties); THE MASCOT (owned by Captain Ward and operated by him and his nephew, David Emerson. She was a small twin screw boat which carried passengers and mails in the lower Brazos); THE ORLINA; THE MINNETT; and THE STEADMAN. These were all small propeller driven boats.

Other boats which operated in the GALVESTON AREA, but on which I could find no evidence as having operated on the Brazos, were: KATE WARD; SARAH BARNES; DANIEL WEBSTER; BAYOU CITY; BAGBY; JASPER; CHAMPION; TEXAS; RELIANCE; FASHION; EMPIRE CITY; MILLIE STEPHENS; C. K. HALL; ALBERT GALLATON; NAUTILUS; WACO; WAVE; LOUISIANA; LEONIDAS; GULF CITY; and SABINE, and all were steamers operating in this area.

Captains, who piloted the boats on the Brazos, were: William P. Harris, THE CAYUGA; Colonel Del Grado, THE YELLOWSTONE; Basil M. Hatfield, THE WASHINGTON; Pat Christian, THE WHITELAW; Robert Keene, WHITE WATER; William Jenkins, WHITE WATER, THE THOMAS and THE VICKSBURG; Seth Stafford, THE JOHN SCOTT; Andrew McFarland, HIAWATHA; Travis L. Smith, all the boats owned by the Columbia Transportation Company.

Engineers: Dick Aycock, WHITE WATER; Dick Clawson, HIAWATHA; Bib Loving, ALICE BLAIR (he always wore a white shirt while on duty); George Chandler, ALICE BLAIR; Alex McFarland, PUFFIN BILLY; Dave Emerson, THE MASCOT; N. J. King, THE JUSTINE.

STEAMBOATS ON THE BRAZOS

GENERAL REMARKS

Jared E. Gross brought the first cotton seed to Texas and built a gin in 1825. S. F. Austin built a gin in 1826. In 1831 Edwin Waller sent a ship load of cotton to Matamoras and received 62½c per pound for it. In 1834 the cotton crop raised along the Brazos was 500,000 bales.

Evidence that the owners and Captains of the boats operating out of Galveston did not always have smooth sailing is given in a letter from William Hendley, of Galveston, to S. Gildersleeve, of Portland, Connecticut, dated February 23, 1851:

"Galveston Feby 23d 1851
S Gildersleeve Esq —

Dear Friend

Yours of Jan'y 21st & 31st came duly to hand and contents duly noted since I last rote you the Brazos Bar has been playing the duce with Steam Boats & Sail Vessels the Steamer General Hamen which was owned amoung us here (our selves 1/8) got on the Bar last Sunday and threw over bord about 10000 dollars worth of her cargo and damaged the ballanc which was about as mutch more she finally got in to the River with her loss of her Rudder and leaking badly.

I am in hopes she will be repaired and be in the trade again shortly (our I I & C has now gorn to Velasco for the purpos). She being the only Craft that we can have any dependanc on in gettin produce here for Shipment and Sail.

The Lone Star in attempting to gow in about the same tim got over the Bar and came to Anchor the Current & Drift running out strong. She parted both Shains and went to sea again after beating on the Bar and along down the beach some two or three miles finally got to Sea after throwing over board her deck load the wind being N.E. and a thick fog and in attempting to get into the river some two or three days after went on the South point where she now lies partly filled with sand and water and all her Cargo more or less damagd but I thing she will she will be got of and her Star will shine a spell longer as she is to well built to be laid on the Beach to dry yet.

The McNeel had som trouble a short time ago and damaged som 400 dollars of her cargo that was our I I & C business to Lavacca a short time since we have had very heavy weather on the cost this winter.

The Austin will be in N.Y. before this reaches you she will Stock on the Voyage round over 7,000 dollars, the Travis is now under way for the Point where she gow to Sea the first opportunity she will stock over 7,000 dollars.

The Milam is now Loading, has in 110 hhds sugar and some 400 bales Cotton ready and will leave in about 12 days, she gets ¾ on cotton, the other ½ & ⅝ and will Stock between 7 & 8 thousand dollars round they had ought to pay some dividend.

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The Fannin we have not herd from sinc she left we get but one Mail here
whisch makes news very slow in getting to us.

My Respects to all,

Respectfully Yours
Wm Hendley

S. Gildersleevs Esq
Portland
Conn

Letter marked STEAM in red and has a red "NEW ORLEANS La FEB 26
1851 original letter in the Texas Library of Louis Lenz, Houston, Texas."

TRAVIS L. SMITH

He was born the last day of November, 1852, and came to Texas in 1871 by water to New Orleans; thence by water to Galveston, and on to Houston, where he took passage on a small car pulled by mules from Houston to Sandy Point; There a stage coach was waiting to take the passengers to an Inn on Chocolate Bayou, where the night was spent. Next morning the trip was resumed and he arrived at Columbia late in the day, thus requiring two days, where now the trip is made by automobile in little more than one hour.

The Columbia Tap Railroad from Houston to Columbia was built before the Civil War by the planters in the area, and was completed in 1859. Their intention was to continue it to Victoria; the road bed and several bridges were completed as far as Wharton, but the Civil War put a stop to the construction; and so desperate was the need of the southern army for iron and metal to make guns that the rails were removed from the track, and wooden rails sawed from trees in the vicinity, were substituted. These were used until after 1872. Travis L. Smith was 19 years of age when he reached Columbia. His Uncle, John W. Brooks, and two of his older brothers from Virginia, preceeded him by several years, and they wre engagd in the mercantile business. He worked with, or for them, for a time. He was a hard worker, and had a brilliant, mathematical mind, very thrifty and acquisitive; and after working for a salary a few years he, in rapid succession, acquired the ferry at Columbia; engaged in the mercantile business with his Brother, John G. Smith, at Columbia, West Columbia, Brazoria, Chenango, Velasco, Quintana, and Sweeny; organized the Columbia Transportation Company, and owned and operated seven boats, enumerated above; built and operated two dredge boats, and under contract with the Federal Government, dug a canal across Galveston Bay; was the successful bidder on a contract to construct the jetties at the mouth of the Sabine River; erected and operated several gins; and became the owner of some 15,000 acres of land in the Columbia area; started an Italian Colony on an old sugar plantation near Columbia, (which was unsuccessful because of the weather conditions, and the fact that the immigrants knew nothing of cotton growing); planted the first rice in Brazoria County in 1899; but probably the greatest

STEAMBOATS ON THE BRAZOS

contribution to the community was his participation in the organization of the Tax Payers Association which, in reality, was a "white man's union." This, he did, along with his brother John G. Smith, his two brothers-in-law, Harris and A. R. Masterson, W. R. Nash, Calvin McNeil, and others whose names are not recalled. In this, and other surrounding counties, the negroes outnumbered the white, and the carpet bagger rule was rapidly taking over. In Fort Bend and Wharton Counties many good citizens were killed before the carpet baggers were subdued; but in Brazoria County blood shed was avoided. At that time the State law provided that the bond of a County Official should be made by resident land owners, and the Tax Payers Association made a rule that no bond would be arranged by any of its members for any man not acceptable to the Association.

However, one misfortune after another befell. The terrific Brazos flood of 1899; the Galveston storm in 1900, and then the boll-weevil. The prediction of a cotton farmer, who came in the Smith store at Columbia with a small bottle in which there was a strange looking bug, said to Mr. Smith, when asked what that little bug was: "Mr. Smith, that is a boll weevil, the thing that ruined my crop and drove me away from the Rio Grande Valley, and as of today it is driving me from Brazoria County, and he will sink your boats, ruin your mercantile business and gins, and you will lose everything, even your land, and there is not a thing you can do to prevent it." It almost became a reality, but fortunately for the Smiths the oil business came just in time to save his property.

IF

If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing their and blaming it on you;
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
But make allowance for their doubting too:
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
Or, being lied about, don't deal in lies,
Or being hated, don't give way to hating,
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise;

If you can dream — and not make dreams your master;
If you can think — and not make thought your aim,
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster
And treat those two imposters just the same;
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,
And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools;

If you can make one heap of all your winnings
And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,
And lose, and start again at your beginnings,
And never breathe a word about your loss;
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
To serve your turn long after they are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
Except the will which says to them "Hold on!"

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with Kings — nor lose the common touch,
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
If all men count with you, but none too much;
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,
And — which is more — you'll be a Man, my son!

And they asked me how I did it — Rudyard Kipling
And I gave 'em the Scripture text,
"You keep your light so shining
A little in front of the next"
They copied all they could follow,
But they couldn't copy my mind
And I left 'em sweating and stealing,
A year and a half behind."

— RUDYARD KIPLING
in "*The Mary Gloster*."

THE BRIDGE BUILDER

By WILL ALLEN DROMGOOLE

An old man, going a lone highway,
Came at the evening, cold and gray,
To a chasm vast and deep and wide
Through which was flowing a sullen tide.
The old man crossed in the twilight dim,
The sullen stream had no fear for him;
But he turned when safe on the other side,
And built a bridge to span the tide.

"Old man," said a fellow pilgrim near,
"You are wasting your strength with building here;
Your journey will end with the ending day
You never again will pass this way;
You've crossed the chasm deep and wide,
Why build you this bridge at evening tide?"

The builder lifted his old gray head —
"Good friend, in the path I have come," he said,
"There followeth after me today
A youth whose feet must pass this way;
This chasm that has been as naught to me,
To that fair-haired youth may a pitfall be;
He, too, must cross in the twilight dim —
Good friend, I am building this bridge for him!"

MOTHER'S DAY

By EDGAR A. GUEST

Never thought for self had she.
Never for herself ambition.
Goal of all her dreams were we,
Holding us her earthly mission.

We were first in every thought,
Friend or foe could not divert her.
Failing her in what she taught,
We alone had power to hurt her.

Looking back, we know today
We were source of all her gladness,
And whene'er we went astray
We were source of all her sadness.

This the mother that we knew!
Never any life was purer.
Gentle, tender, brave and true,
Never any love was surer!

FATHER

*The times have proved my judgment bad,
I've followed foolish hopes in vain,
And as you look upon your dad
You see him commonplace and plain,
No brilliant wisdom I enjoy;
The jests I tell have grown to bore you,
But just remember this, my boys
'Twas I who chose your mother for you.*

*Against the blunders I have made
And all the things I've failed to do
The weakness which I've displayed,
This fact remains forever true;
This to my credit still must stay
And don't forget it, I implore you,
But just remember this, my boy—
'Twas I who chose your mother for you.*

*Chuckles at times behind my back
About the ties and hats I wear;
Sound judgment I am known to lack;
Smile at the ancient views I air;
Say if you will I am often wrong,
But with my faults strewn out before you,
Remember this your whole life long;.....
'Twas I who chose your mother for you.*

*Your life from babyhood to now
Has known the sweetness of her care.
Her tender hand has smoothed your brow.
Her love gone with you everywhere
Through every day and every night
You've had an angel to adore you;
So bear in mind I once was right;
'Twas I who chose your mother for you.*

LIFE

*If times are hard, and you are blue,
Think of the other's worrying too;
Just because your trials are many,
Don't think the rest of us haven't any,
Life is made up of smiles and tears,
Joys and sorrow, mixed with fears;
And though to us it seems onesided,
Trouble is pretty well divided,
If we could look in every heart,
We'd find that each one has its part,
And those who travel fortune's road,
Sometimes carry the biggest load.*

MAKE ME A MAN!

By O. LAWRENCE HAWTHORNE

Lord, give me the strength of the pioneer
And the faith of his hardy soul.
Provide me with the courage to persevere;
Make me fight till I reach my goal.

Let weaklings indulge in a sheltered life
Where they curse when their luck goes bad,
But fit me for battle with storm and strife;
Give me brawn like my fathers had!

I want to be known as a man who wins.
As a fellow with nerve and pluck
Who finishes everything he begins,
And as one who can whip his luck!

WHAT IS SUCCESS?

IT'S doing your job the best you can,
and being JUST to your fellow man;
IT'S making money, but holding friends
and staying TRUE to your aims and ends;
IT'S figuring HOW and learning WHY,
and looking forward and thinking high;
And dreaming little and doing MUCH;
IT'S keeping always in closest touch
with what is finest in word and deed;
IT'S being thorough, yet making speed;
IT'S daring blithely the field of chance
while making of labor a brave romance;
IT'S going onward despite defeat
and fighting staunchly, but keeping Sweet;
IT'S being clean and it's playing fair;
IT'S laughing lightly at Dame Despair;
IT'S looking up at the stars above,
and drinking deeply of life and love;
IT'S struggling on with the will to win,
but taking loss with a cheerful grin;
IT'S sharing sorrow, and work and mirth,
and making better this good old earth;
IT'S serving, striving through strain and stress,
ITS *Doing Your Noblest* — THAT'S SUCCESS.

"HOW TO STAY YOUNG"

(Over General MacArthur's desk there hangs this message.

It will bring you courage and faith . . .)

Youth is not a time of life — it is a state of mind.

Nobody grows old merely by living a number of years; people grow old only by deserting their ideals. Years wrinkle the skin, but to give up enthusiasm wrinkles the soul. Worry, doubt, self-distrust, fear and despair . . . these are the long, long years that bow the head and turn the growing spirit back to dust.

Whether seventy or sixteen, there is in every being's heart a love of wonder, the sweet amazement at the stars and the starlike things and thoughts, the undaunted challenge of events, the unfailing childlike appetite for what-next, and the joy and the game of life.

You are as young as your faith, as old as your doubt; as young as your self-confidence, as old as your fear; as young as your hope, as old as your despair.

MACARTHUR

By GRANTLAND RICE

I'm just a wayside poet — in this mighty ebb and flow,
Where the magic of MacArthur is beyond all words I know —
A miracle of heart and brains that calls, above the flood,
For a soul that's dipped in genius and a pen that's dipped in blood.

So, poets, from a thousand years, rise from your faded dust!
Bold Byron, Keats and Shelley, help to clean away my rust.
For above all lyrics written I must have a god-like pen
To pay a fitting tribute to MacArthur and his men.

FOUR THINGS

By VAN DYKE

Four things a man must learn to do
If he would make his record true:
To think without confusion clearly;
To love his fellow man sincerely;
To act from honest motives purely;
To trust in God and Heaven securely.

"LAUGH"

*Build for yourself a strong box,
Fashion each part with care;
Fit it with clasp and padlock,
Put all your troubles there.
Hide therein all your failures,
And each bitter cup you quaff,
Lock all heartaches within it,
Then — sit on the lid and laugh.
Tell no one of its contents,
Never its secrets share,
Drop in your cares and your worries,
Keep them forever there.
Hide them from sight so completely
The world will never dream half;
Fasten the top down securely,
Then — sit on the lid and laugh.*

TO GEN. DOUGLAS MACARTHUR

"The world has turned over many times since I took the oath at West Point . . . but I still remember the refrain of one of the most popular barracks ballads of that day which proclaimed most proudly that the old soldiers never die: they just fade away. And like the old soldier of that ballad, I now close my military career and just fade away, an old soldier who tried to do his duty as God gave him the light to see that duty." — From General MacArthur's address before congress, April 19, 1951.

Old soldiers never die! They cannot die!
Nor can they fade away when millions keep
Their mem'ry in a nation's heart, and I
And others live to scatter roses where they sleep.

Old soldiers, sir? I beg to disagree
With all the barrack bards that so confess,
It never was — and never shall it be
That men who fight, like you, retire; they just recess.

Old soldiers, sir? Do men like you grow old?
What century shall strike your golden youth,
For history shall be your life retold!
And what is age — ah, sir, to time's undying truth?

Old soldiers, sir? They live in every boy
Who knows their deeds, their songs, and wears their shoes,
And in whose spirit with unending joy
Such men, as you, forever win; who cannot lose.

Strike not the tent, great soldiers never die!
Nor can they fade away when millions keep
Their mem'ry in a nation's heart, and I
And other live to scatter roses where they sleep.

— Louis J. Maloof, ex-marine,
364 Atlanta Avenue, Southeast, Atlanta, Ga.

GOOD NAME

By WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Good name in man and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls:
Who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he that filches from me my good name
Robs me of that which not enriches him
And makes me poor indeed.

"A LITTLE WORK"

*A little work, a little play
To keep us going — and so, good-day!
A little warmth, a little light
Of love's bestowing — and so, good-night!
A little fun, to match the sorrow
Of each day's growing — and so, good-morrow!
A little trust that when we die
We reap our sowing! And so — good-bye!*

"IT COULDN'T BE DONE"

Somebody said that it couldn't be done,
But he with a chuckle replied
That "maybe it couldn't," but he would be one
Who wouldn't say so till he'd tried.
So he buckled right in with the trace of a grin
On his face. If he worried he hid it.
He started to sing as he tackled the thing
That couldn't be done, and he did it.

Somebody scoffed: "Oh, you'll never do that;
At least no one ever has done it";
But he took off his coat and he took off his hat
And the first thing we knew he'd begun it.
With a lift of his chin and a bit of a grin,
Without any doubting or quiddit,
He started to sing as he tackled the thing
That couldn't be done, and he did it.

There are thousands to tell you it cannot be done,
There are thousands to prophesy failure;;
There are thousands to point out to you, one by one,
The dangers that wait to assail you.
But just buckle in with a bit of a grin
Just take off your coat and go to it.
Just start to sing as you tackle the thing
That "cannot be done", and you'll do it.

ILL-TEMPER

By EDGAR A. GUEST

When temper takes the bit and rein,
The sanest man becomes insane.
Until he's taken time to cool
The wisest man will be a fool.
Even the greatest of the age
Desert good reason, in a rage.

The gods with taunting tricks annoy
The one they've chosen to destroy.
They rob him of his reason first
To leave him struggling at his worst,
For strength and skill to do are vain
When they are used without a brain.

Ill-temper long has proved to be
Man's craftiest, deadliest enemy.
Who would be fit for problems deep
Must patient, calm and thoughtful keep;
Stay still when angry words are said.
Who keeps his temper, keeps his head.

"LIFE IS SIMPLE"

It is a mistake to let life become complicated. Life is really very simple, and only by thinking of it in simple terms can it be mastered.

Do you want to be successful? Then work and save. Be fair and temperate.

Most of us get into trouble when we try to break the simple rules. We seek short-cuts, new formulas, new religions, new standards. We write fat books, proposing new theories and new philosophies, but with all our wisdom and big words we cannot escape the simplicities.

All great souls are simple, in thought, word, and action. No true and sound philosophy requires many pages for its exposition. All that anyone needs to know about the rules for a successful life can be put on one sheet of paper.

"OUT WHERE THE WEST BEGINS"

Out where the handclasp's a little stronger,
Out where the smile dwells a little longer,
That's where the West begins;
Out where the sun is a little brighter,
Where the snows that fall are a trifle whiter,
Where the bonds of home are a wee bit tighter, —
That's where the West begins.

Out where the world is in the making,
Where fewer hearts in despair are aching,
That's where the West begins;
Where there's more of singing and less of sighing,
Where there's more of giving and less of buying,
And a man makes friends without half trying —
That's where the West begins.

"INVICTUS"

*Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the Pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.*

*In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud.
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed.*

*Beyond this place of wrath and tears
Looms but the Horror of the shade,
And yet the menace of the years
Finds and shall find me unafraid.*

*It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishment the scroll,
I am the master of my fate;
I am the captain of my soul.*

"HE IS NOT DEAD"

I cannot say, and I will not say
That he is dead. He is just away.
With a cheery smile, and a wave of the hand,
He has wandered into an unknown land,
And left us dreaming how very fair
It needs must be, since he lingers there.
And you — oh, you, who the wildest yearn
For an old-time step, and the glad return,
Think of him faring on, as dear
In the love of There as the love of Here.
Think of him still as the same. I say,
He is not dead — he is just away.

"HORSE SENSE"

*A horse can't pull while kicking
This fact I merely mention.
And he can't kick while pulling,
Which is my chief contention.*

*Let's imitate the good old horse
And lead a life that's fitting;
Just pull an honest load, and then
There'll be no time for kicking.*

"LIVING"

To touch the cup with eager lips and taste, not drain it
To woo and tempt and court a bliss — and not strain it;
To fondle and caress a joy, yet hold it lightly,
Lest it become necessity and cling too tightly;
To watch the sun set in the west without regretting;
To hail its advent in the east — the night forgetting;
To smother care in happiness and grief in laughter;
To hold the present close — not questioning hereafter;
To have enough to share — to know the joy of giving;
To thrill with all the sweets of life — is living.

"OPPORTUNITY"

*They do me wrong who say I come no more
When once I knock and fail to find you in,
For every day I stand outside your door
And bid you wake, and rise to fight and win.*

*Art thou a mourner? Rouse thee from thy spell;
Art thou a sinner? Sins may be forgiven;
Each morning gives thee wings to flee from hell,
Each night a star to guide thy feet to Heaven.*

"A CREED"

There is a destiny that makes us brothers;
None goes his way alone:
All that we send into the lives of others
Comes back into our own.

I care not what his temples or his creeds,
One thing holds firm and fast —
That into his fateful heap of days and deeds
The soul of man is cast.

"IN FLANDERS FIELDS"

In Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place;; and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the Dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved, and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe;
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.

"NO FUNERAL GLOOM"

No funeral gloom, my dears, when I am gone,
Corpse-gazings, tears, black raiment, graveyard grinnings.
Think of me as withdrawn into the dimness,
Yours still, you mine.
Remember all the best of our past moments and forget the rest,
And so to where I wait come gently on.

OPPORTUNITY

By WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at its tide, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life,
Is bound in swallows and in miseries;
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.

A MIRACLE?

RIPLEY'S "BELIEVE IT OR NOT"

By A. F. MITCHELL, 10-15-'58

Unbelievable, "BELIEVE IT OR NOT", On September 8, 1900, my wife was a student at Ursaline Convent in Galveston, Texas, specializing in music at that time. This was the date of the great tropical storm and tidal wave that wrought great destruction of property, and the unusual loss of some 8,000 lives, as a result of this tidal wave sweeping Galveston Island.

Many of the Island residents, near the Gulf, and the east end of the City, were washed away, but there remained approximately one-third of the huge Lucas Terrace Hotel, built of brick and stone, as an outpost survivor of this storm. Several hundred people were saved by clinging to the wreckage of this building. We knew the Lucas', my wife having stopped at the Lucas Terrace Hotel before entering the Convent.

Mr. and Mrs. Lucas were owners and operators of the apartment hotel, the Lucas Terrace Hotel, and had a large hotel safe in which they kept their own hermetically sealed copper lock-box that contained some of their jewelry, cash and U. S. Panama Canal Bonds. The large safe door was unlocked, and during the storm came open. After the storm had subsided, the Lucas' were very surprised to find that their copper lock-box had floated away.

In the winter of 1935-36, my wife and I heard Ripley relate the story of the Lucas' and their copper lock-box over the radio program, "BELIEVE IT OR NOT." Ripley gave a brief resumé of the Lucas' having lived in Galveston, Texas, the great storm of 1900 there, and the loss of their lock-box. He then stated that the Lucas' being lovers of the sea disposed of their Galveston properties and moved on to the east end of the Prince Edward Island in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, where they purchased a residence with beach frontage.

After a raging Northeast storm blowing into the Gulf of St. Lawrence from the Labrador Sea area in 1935, an object was washed upon the beach in front of the Lucas' residence. Mr. Lucas while strolling on the beach noticed the object, kicked it and found it was hollow. The barnacle covered object was taken to high land, and upon scratching the barnacles from the surface it was revealed the object was a box and made of copper. Mr. Lucas opened the box, and to his amazement and joy, he found that the contents of the box were his own U. S. Panama Bonds, cash, jewelry and other valuable papers, all intact. It was his own lock-box that had floated out of his hotel safe in Galveston, Texas 35 years before. Though the contents were badly mildewed and in a state of decay, Mr. and Mrs. Lucas were able to redeem their bonds and currency. Ripley then continued further, telling that he had asked the U. S. Coast Guard to account for all possible means by which this lock-box, washed away in Galveston, Texas, in 1900, drifted ashore on Prince Edward Island some 35 years later. He stated the report from his inquiry gave the following explanation:

1. "The prevailing ocean current along the North shore of the Gulf of Mexico is from West to East. The box possibly floated out to sea in the Gulf with the recession of the tidal wave flood."
2. "Was caught in the Eastbound current, carried to the Florida Keys where it possibly spent sometime in the various whirls and eddies of the tides and currents, finally picked up by the Gulf Stream"

and floated Northeast on the West side of the Gulf Stream, to the Iceland area of the North Atlantic where it was caught by the Irminger Current and by this current carried into the Labrador Sea. The lock-box then whirled and circled into the currents of this Sea and around Cape Race, where it was finally caught by a terrific Northeast gale and carried into the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and was then washed ashore on Prince Edward Island near Charlottetown.

As stated, my wife and I having known Major Lucas when he lived in and operated the Lucas Terrace Hotel in Galveston, decided to make an automobile trip to Prince Edward Island, look up the Lucas' and try to prove or disprove the Ripley story. If the story had been misrepresented we would have collected \$1,000.00 reward offered by Ripley to any person or persons who could disprove any of his "BELIEVE IT OR NOT" stories. Upon our arrival at the Lucas home on the Northeast shore of Prince Edward Island, the Lucas' verified the Ripley story as being absolutely true and correct, and we failed to collect the \$1,000.00 reward.

"A FISH STORY"

A fisherman on the Colorado River was cleaning a black Bass when he found a gold ring within the fish. In the ring there was a latin inscription. Next day he went to the local newspaper to advertise for the owner, but one of the onlookers recognized the ring as the property of a friend; and a long distance call brought the owner, who said he had been fishing in the vicinity recently.

"A FLOATING BOTTLE"

One of my friends, crossing the Atlantic Ocean, when hardly half way across threw overboard a bottle containing his name, address, and a request that the finder write him. Two years later he received a letter from a girl in Scotland.

"FOUR OIL DERRICKS"

During the 1932 hurricane two steel derricks (my own), each bolted to four concrete foundation blocks weighing some 40,000 pounds, were lifted bodily and blown 100 feet (concrete blocks and all) to tangle with two similar derricks belonging to the Humble Oil Company, located directly south of ours — The wind was from the North.

GOOD AND BAD

There is so much good in the worst of us
And so much bad in the best of us,
It hardly behooves any of us
To talk about the rest of us.

WILLIAM JAY

Here lies the body of William Jay,
He died maintaining his right-of-way,
He was right, dead right, as he sped along,
But he's just as dead as if he'd been wrong.

AN OLD MAN

I am an old man, and have had many troubles,
most of which never happened.

A REMEDY

For every evil under the sun
There is a remedy or there is none.
If there be one, try and find it;
If there be none, never mind it.

"SMOKING"

Thirty-eight million (one-half of the men, and one-fourth of the women) in the United States smoke. The death rate from heart troubles is 57%; cancer 97%; pulmonary troubles 186%, and from all other causes 29% greater than for non-smokers.

Some thirty or forty years ago George Gray, a native of Texas, and a graduate of Harvard, was a reporter on one of the Houston daily papers.

He moved to New York City, became a reporter on one of the dailies there, and in a few years he was managing editor of one of New York's big dailies.

Several years later he became interested in the question of how the various habits of living influenced the span of life, and after long research he wrote a book entitled "THE ADVANCING FRONT OF MEDICINE," which included one chapter on "SMOKE". In his research he gathered information which he said would be entirely reliable on which an insurance actuary could base his table of rates. He was amazed at the terrific increase in the death rate among young men between the ages of thirty and fifty, and he made a particular study of that group. The net result of his study was:

IF A MAN IN THIS GROUP IS A HEAVY SMOKER (TWO PACKS OF CIGARETTES OR MORE PER DAY) HIS DEATH RATE FROM ALL CAUSES IS MORE THAN DOUBLED AS COMPARED WITH A NON-SMOKER.

POLITICS

SOCIALISM: You have 2 cows, you give one to your neighbor.

COMMUNISM: You have 2 cows, you give both to the government, and the government gives you part of the milk.

FASCISM: You have 2 cows, you keep the cows, give the milk to the government, and the government sells part of the milk back to you.

NEW DEALISM: You have 2 cows, the government shoots one cow, milks the other cow, and pours the milk down the sewer.

NAZISM: You have 2 cows, the government shoots you and takes both cows.

CAPITALISM: You have 2 cows, you sell one and buy a bull.

AMERICANISM: You have a cow and a bull: Just give nature a chance and soon you will be looking for a ranch to stock.

A WOMAN'S PROPHECY

Original Mother Shipley's Prophecy

500 YEARS OLD

Mother Shipton wrote her prophesy 500 years ago. She was born in Norfolk, England, and died in Clifton, Yorkshire, in 1440 A.D., 43 years before Columbus discovered America.

* * *

A carriage without horses shall go,
Disaster fill the world with woe;
In London Primrose Hill shall be,
Its center hold a Bishop's See.
Around the world men's thoughts shall fly.
Quick as the twinkling of an eye.

And waters shall great wonders do —
How strange, and yet shall come true.
Then upside down the world shall be.
And gold found at the root of tree;
Thro' towering hills proud man shall ride,
Nor hoss nor ass move by his side.

Beneath the waters men shall walk;
Shall ride, shall sleep, and even talk.
And in the air men shall be seen,
In white, in black, as well as green.
A great man then shall come and go,
For prophecy declares it so.

In water iron then shall float
As easy as a wooden boat,
Gold shall be found in stream or stone,
In land that is as yet unknown.
Water and fire shall wonders do,
And England shall admit the Jew.

The Jew that once was held in scorn
Shall of a Christian then be born.
A house of glass shall come to pass
In England — but alas, alas!
A war will follow with the work
Where dwells the pagan and the Turk.

The States will lock in fierce strife,
And seek to take each other's life;
When North shall thus divide the South
The eagle builds in lion's mouth.
Then tax and blood and cruel war
Shall come to every humble door.

Three times shall sunny, lovely France
Be led to play a bloody dance;
Before the people shall be free,
Three tyrant rulers shall she see;
Three rulers, in succession be —
Each sprung from different dynasty.

Then, when the fiercest fight is done,
England and France shall be one.
The British olive next shall twine,
In marriage with the German vine.
Men walk beneath and over streams —
Fulfilled shall be our strangest dreams.

All England's sons shall plow the land
Shall oft be seen with book in hand.
The poor shall now most wisdom know
And water wind where corn did grow;
Great houses stand in farflung vale,
All covered o'er with snow and hail.

And now a word in uncouth rhyme,
Of what shall be in future time:
For, in those wondrous, far-off days
The woman shall adopt a craze
To dress like men and trousers wear,
And cut off their lovely locks of hair.

They'll ride astride with brazen brow,
As witches on a broomstick now,
Then love shall die and marriage cease,
And nations wane as babes decrease.
And wives shall fondle cats and dogs,
And men live much the same as hogs.

In nineteen hundred twenty-six
Build houses light of straw and sticks
For then shall mighty wars be planned.
And fire and sword shall sweep the land,
But those who live the century through,
In fear and trembling this will do:

Flee to the mountains and the dens.
To bog and forests and wild fens —
For storms shall rage and oceans roar
When Gabriel stands on sea and shore;
And as he blows his wondrous horn,
Old worlds shall die and new be born.

HIS LAST WILL

A true copy, from the records of a South Texas County

I am writing of my will mineself and des lawyir want he should have to much money to ask to many answers about the famly. first think i want i dont want my brother oscar to get a — — think i got he is a mumser he done me out of forty dollars foreteen years since.

I want it that hilda my sister she gets the north sixtie akers of at where i am homing it now i bet she dont get that loafer husband of her to brake twentie akers. next plowing the goqoph work. she cant have it if she lets oscar live on it i want i should have it back if she does.

tell moma that six hundret dollars she has been looking for for ten years is berried from the bakhouse behind about ten feet down she better let little frederick do the digging and count it when he comes up.

paster lucknitz can have three hundret dollars if he kisses the book he wont preach no more dumhead talks about politiks. he should a roof put on the metinghouse with and the elders should the bills look at.

moma should the rest get but i want it so that adolph should tell her what not she should do so no more slick irishers sell her vaken cleaners they noise like hell and a broom dont cost so much.

i want it that mine brother adolph be my exeter and i want it that the judje should pleese make adolph plenty bond put up and watch him like hell adolph is a good bisness man but only a dumkoph would trust him with a busted pfennig.

i want dam sure that schliemial oscar dont nothing get tell adolph he can have a hundret dollars if he prove judje oscar dont get nothing that dam sure fix oscar.

A RUSSIAN CITIZEN

BELIEVE IT OR NOT? — RIPLEY

May 5, 1947.

MAY NOT — own land

be tried by a jury
choose his own job
absent himself from work
strike
picket
employ labor
travel
own jewelry
ring a church bell
be friends with a foreigner

and is FORBIDDEN —

FREEDOM OF SPEECH
FREEDOM OF ASSEMBLY
FREEDOM OF RELIGION
and
FREEDOM OF SOUL.

CODE OF THE COW COUNTRY

It don't take such a lot of laws to keep the rangeland straight.
Nor books to write them in, because there are only six or eight.
The first one is the Welcome sign written deep in Western hearts. . .
My camp is yours and yours is mine in all cow country parts.
Treat with respect all womankind, same as you would your sister.
Take care of neighbors' strays you find, don't call cowboys "Mister."
Shut the pasture gates when passin' thru and takin' all in all,
Be jest as rough as pleases you but never mean or small.
Talk straight, shoot straight, and never break your word to man nor boss.
Plumb always kill a rattlesnake; and don't ride a sore-backed hoss.
It don't take law nor pedigree to live the best you can;
These few is all it takes to be a cowboy an' — a Man!

By WILL ROGERS

Everybody is saying that the trouble with the country is that people are saving instead of spending. Well, if that's a vice, then I am Einstein. Since when did saving become a national calamity?

Well I know it's terrible for a non-authority like me to tell you to go contrary to expert advice, but I am telling you if you got a dollar soak it away, put it in a savings bank, bury it, do anything but spend it. Spending when we didn't have it put us where we are today. Saving when we have got it will get us back to where we was before we went cookoo.

OLD MEN

By GEORGE H. PHAIR

In savage tribes, where skulls are thick
And primal passions rage,
They have a system sure and quick
To cure the blight of age.
For when a native's youth has fled
And years have sapped his vim,
They simply knock him on the head
And put an end to him!

But we, in this enlightened age,
Are built of nobler stuff.
And so, we look with righteous rage
On deeds so harsh and rough.
For when a man grows old and gray
And weak and short of breath,
We simply take his job away
And let him starve to death.

And it is even worse to refuse to re-employ a person while they are still strong and able to produce good work just because they are over 35. I do wish something would be done about this. Please!

— (MRS.) MARGARET G. HANWÁY.

IF TIME TALKED

By EDGAR A. GUEST

If old Father Time could speak,
I amagine oft he'd say:
"You'll forget within a week
What is fretting you today."

If instead of rushing by,
He could stop with all he met,
He might say: "Though now you sigh,
Soon this care you will forget.

"Trouble comes and trouble goes.
Don't too bitterly complain.
Winter seems to kill the rose
But it lives to bloom again."

But in silence Time goes on,
And it's left to all to find
When a fretful hour has gone
Memory drops it from the mind.

HOW OLD ARE YOU — ?

Age is a quality of mind —
If you have left your dreams behind
If hope is lost,
If you no longer look ahead,
If your ambitions'
Fires are dead —
Then you are old.
But if from life you take the best,
And if in life you keep the jest,
If love you hold —
No matter how the years go by,
No matter how the birthdays fly,
YOU ARE NOT OLD!

A. LINCOLN

You cannot bring about prosperity by discouraging thrift.
You cannot strengthen the weak by weakening the strong.
You cannot help the wage earner by pulling down the wage payer.
You cannot further the brotherhood of man by encouraging class hatred.
You cannot help the poor by discouraging the rich.
You cannot establish sound security on borrowed money.
You cannot keep out of trouble by spending more than you earn.
You cannot build character and courage by talking away man's initiative and independence.
You cannot help men permanently by doing for them what they could and should do for themselves.

FROM THE REYNOLDSVILLE, PA., STAR: "It is hard for the historian not to draw a parallel between us and the Romans. The couch of ease and entertainment slowly cut the ground from under that empire. History has a way of repeating itself. We don't believe we want it to do so at our expense. But the price to prevent it is going to be high . . . we are going to have to realize that football scholarships and a hundred thousand fans in stadiums; the biggest consumption of liquor and cosmetics in the world; the drive for a four day week, and some more of our luxuries are a little beside the point when there is a possibility that we can lose the whole kit and kiboodle because we are too occupied in bread and circuses."

ROAD TO RUIN

H. W. Prentis, Jr., chairman, Armstrong Cork Company, is a student of history. Great civilizations, he has found, decay and disappear by a set pattern:

"From bondage to spiritual faith;
from spiritual faith to courage;
from courage to freedom;
from freedom to abundance;
from abundance to selfishness;
from selfishness to complacency;
from complacency to apathy;
from apathy to fear;
from fear to dependency;
from dependency back to bondage."

Thus went the Roman Empire. Think of it in terms close to home, if you will. Dependency: Nearly 38 million Americans are receiving payments from the Federal Government.

CROSSING THE BAR

By TENNYSON

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea.

But such a tide as moving seems asleep
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of time and place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face,
When I have crossed the bar.

L'ENVOI

By KIPLING

When earth's last picture is painted, and the tubes are twisted and dried,
When the oldest colors have faded, and the youngest critic has died,
We shall rest, and, faith, we shall need it — lie down for an aeon or two,
Till the Master of All Good Workmen shall set us to work anew!

And those that were good will be happy: they shall sit in a golden chair;
They shall splash at a ten-league canvass with brushes of comets' hair;
They shall find real saints to draw from — Magdalene, Peter, and Paul;
They shall work for an age at a sitting and never be tired at all!

And only the Master shall praise us, and only the Master shall blame;
And no one shall work for money, and one one shall work for fame;
But each for the joy of working, and each, in his separate star,
Shall draw the Thing as he sees It for the God of Things as They Are!

WAITING FOR TAPS TO BLOW

By W. E. THOMPSON

*Gathered tonight on the old camp ground,
With Longstreet's soldiers lying around,
Tell us some tales, Old Man in Gray,
How went the battle that summer's day?
As we wait for taps to blow.*

*Tell us some tales in the campfire glow,
Of the ebb of battle and battle flow.
Dust clouds settling on Valley pike,
And lean legs aching from the Blue Ridge hike.
As we wait for taps to blow.*

*Weary, you marched with Longstreet's Corps,
As the Bull of the Woods through the wilderness tore.
Hood and Parsons and Texans tall,
Tell of them as the shadows fall,
As we wait for taps to blow.*

*Thundering guns you once did man,
From Pass Sabine to the Rapidan.
Silent all, our soldier boys,
Tell us now of your hopes and joys,
As we wait for taps to blow.*

*Down through the years since ended the strife,
You have builded a nation and given us life.
Shielded our childhood. Given us love.
May the blessings of Heaven come down from above,
As we wait for taps to blow.*

